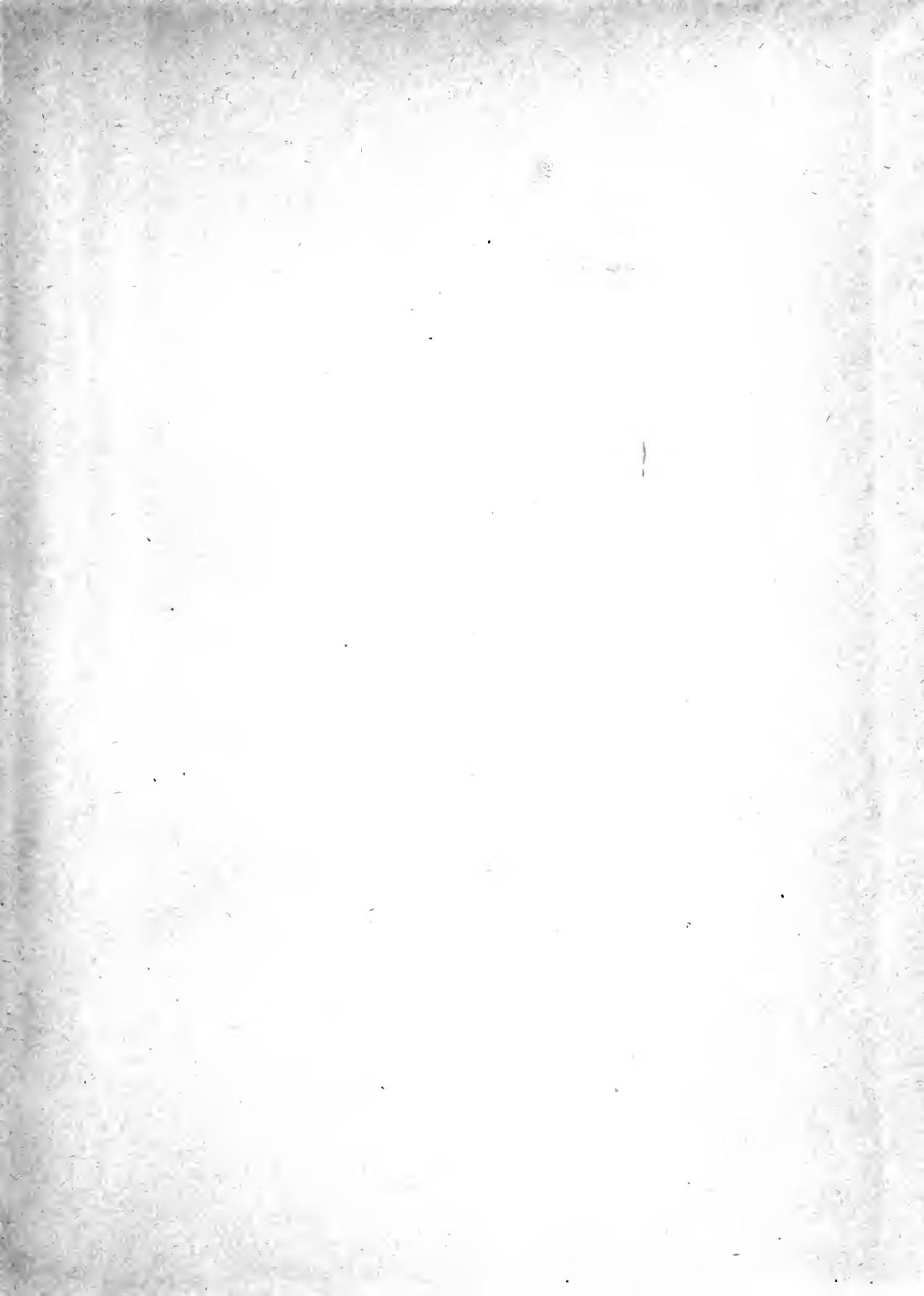


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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Cl<sup>audius</sup> T<sup>iberius</sup> N<sup>ero</sup>

1607

*Date of earliest known edition. . . . . 1607*

*(From the Dyce copy at South Kensington.)*

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# Claudius Tiberius Nero 1607



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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
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# Claudius Tiberius Nero

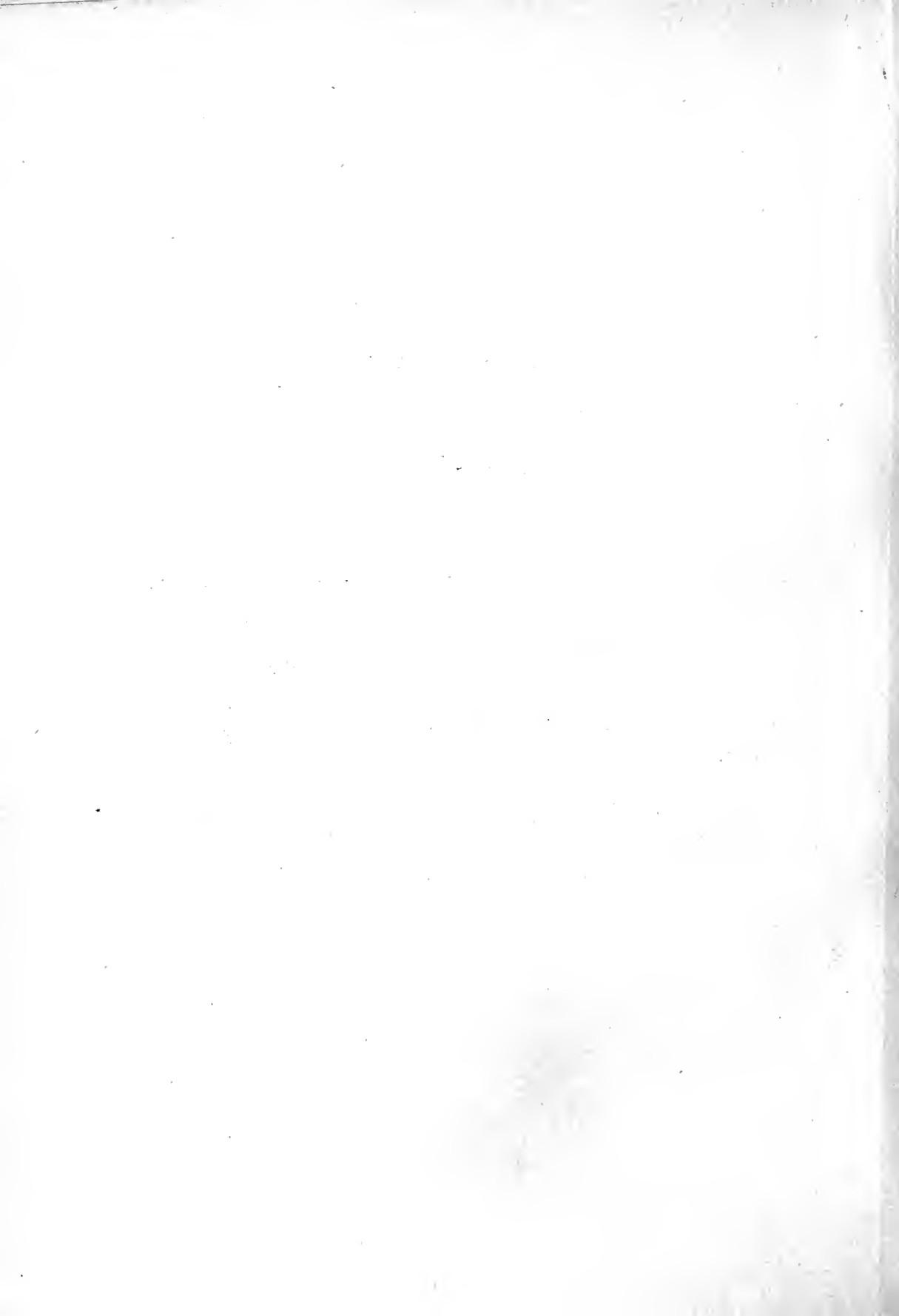
1607

*This facsimile of "Nero" is from the Dyce copy at South Kensington.*

*The play was licensed at Stationers' Hall on April 10th. 1607. The Title in some copies reads "The Statelie Tragedie . . ." &c. instead of as herein. No satisfactory attribution of authorship is forthcoming.*

*The reproduction from the original is pronounced to be "first-rate, virtually faultless."*

JOHN S. FARMER.





THE  
Tragedie of Clau-

dius Tiberius Nero, Romes  
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records  
*of those times.*

Et Studio, et labore.



*Anonymous*

L O N D O N

Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules  
Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce  
and Crowne. 1607

467



THE  
Tragedie of Clau-

1883 No 3000

John Dyce  
Architect

Architectural Drawing Room







To the Right Worshipfull Sir Arthur Man-  
nering Knight, (Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George  
Mannering of Eithfield in the Countie of Salop) Car-  
uer vnto Prince Henry his  
Grace.

I F Custome (Right worshipfull) had so greate a Prero-  
gative as that nothing crossing it, were at all allow-  
able, then might I iustly feare reprehension for this  
my Dedication hauing (to my knowledge) but a singu-  
ler President heerein; and the reason wherefore so  
many Plaies haue formerly beeene published without Inscriptions vnto  
particular Patrons (contrary to Custome in diuulging other Bookes)  
although perhaps I could nerely guesse yet because I would willingly of-  
fend none, I will now conceale. Thus young Scholler, as his proportion is  
comelye, so are his garments graue, his language faire, and by his speech  
it should seeme that his Father was an Academician: his tongue is tipt  
with Eloquence, and his face is louely: he tels strange (but true) stories:  
he is mernailous wittie, and notwithstanding his Orphant-age (for ey-  
ther hee hath lost his Father, or his Father hath lost him) yet it should  
seeme that he hath read much, for he is well seene in Antiquities, but  
most especially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our best approued Histo-  
rian, which cannot chuse but acquire him some fauour. I will say no  
more in his commendation let his owne good parts praise him, but in re-  
gard he is fatherles, your Worshipp (I thinke) may doe a deede of Char-  
tie to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father maye be thank-  
ful vnto you for such kindestnes. In the meane space, as I my selfe am  
partly by duetie already bound vnto your Worshipp, so my  
loue shal make up that which in duette is wanting,  
and heereafter I will remaine your  
Worshippes denoted.

THE MIRROR  
A MIRROR GLASS



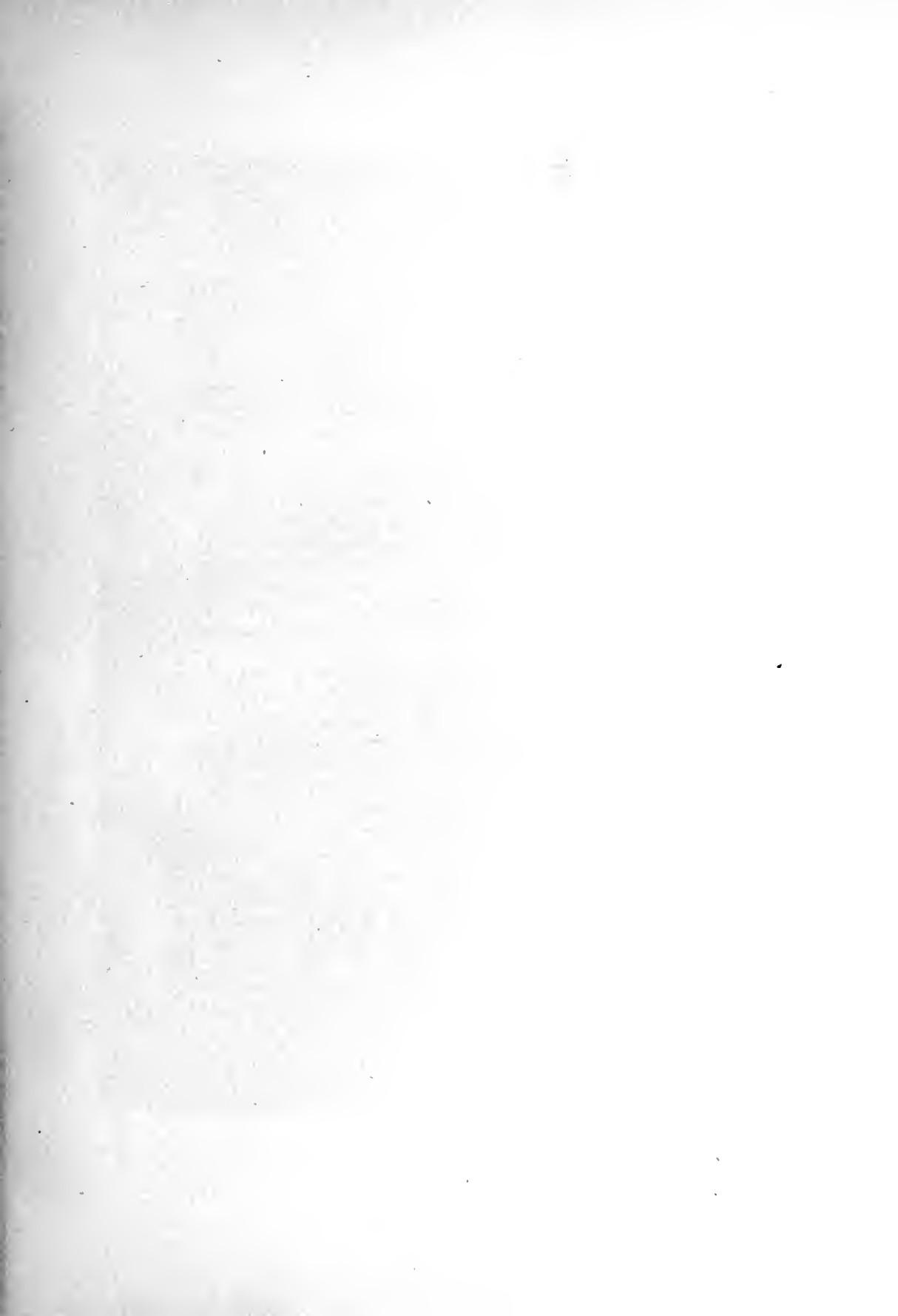
*Ad Lectores.*

*In stead of Prologue to my Play,  
Obserue this one thing I shall say.*

I vse no Sceane suppos'd as many doe,  
But make the Truth my Sceane, and Actors too.

*Fay*

Of Romes great Tyrant I the storie tell,  
And what vnto that State in Neroes Raigne befel.







## The Tragical life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter mourners to the funerall: first Cocceius Nerva, with other Flaminij: next, the hearse of Augustus: then Tiberius, with Iulia on his right hand: then Drusus Tiberius, and Livia: Then Agripina alone: next, her three sonnes, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: next two Consuls, Asinus Gallus, and Tiuu Sabinus, with other Senators. They passe ouer the stage and goe in: then sound to the Coronation: and enter first two Consuls; then Tiberius Nero, Nerva with the crowne Emperiall: then Asinus, Sabinus, and Seianus, Senators: then Drusus Tiberius, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius Nero ascendeth.

T.b. **V**ictorius Consuls, and graue Senators,  
My noble kinsmen and deere Countrimen,  
Deare friends to deare Augustus happinesse:  
Happie to haue such friends, and Countrimen:  
Could I but shadow out in maske of words,  
The sorrowing language of my groaning soule,  
Or with a stremme of teares alay the flame,  
Wherewith my heart doth like an Aetna burne,  
Yea Gods I call to witnesse of my thoughts, (words:  
My tongue should speake, and speake in weeping  
Mine eyes shoulde well out words, & speak in teares,  
Wordes in my weeping, weeping in my words,  
To sympathize my deare affection,  
But since, ————— *He feigneth to stand.*  
Seia. What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble  
Nero. See how the inundation of his grief (grace?  
Doth

## *The Tragical life and death*

Doth stop the fountaine of his vtterance.

*Ajim.* So true a grieve exprest with such true loue,  
Would make a man to be in loue with grieve.

*Dru.Tib.* My Lord and father, what deepe passion  
Your deep-engrauen sorrowes hath surpriz'd?

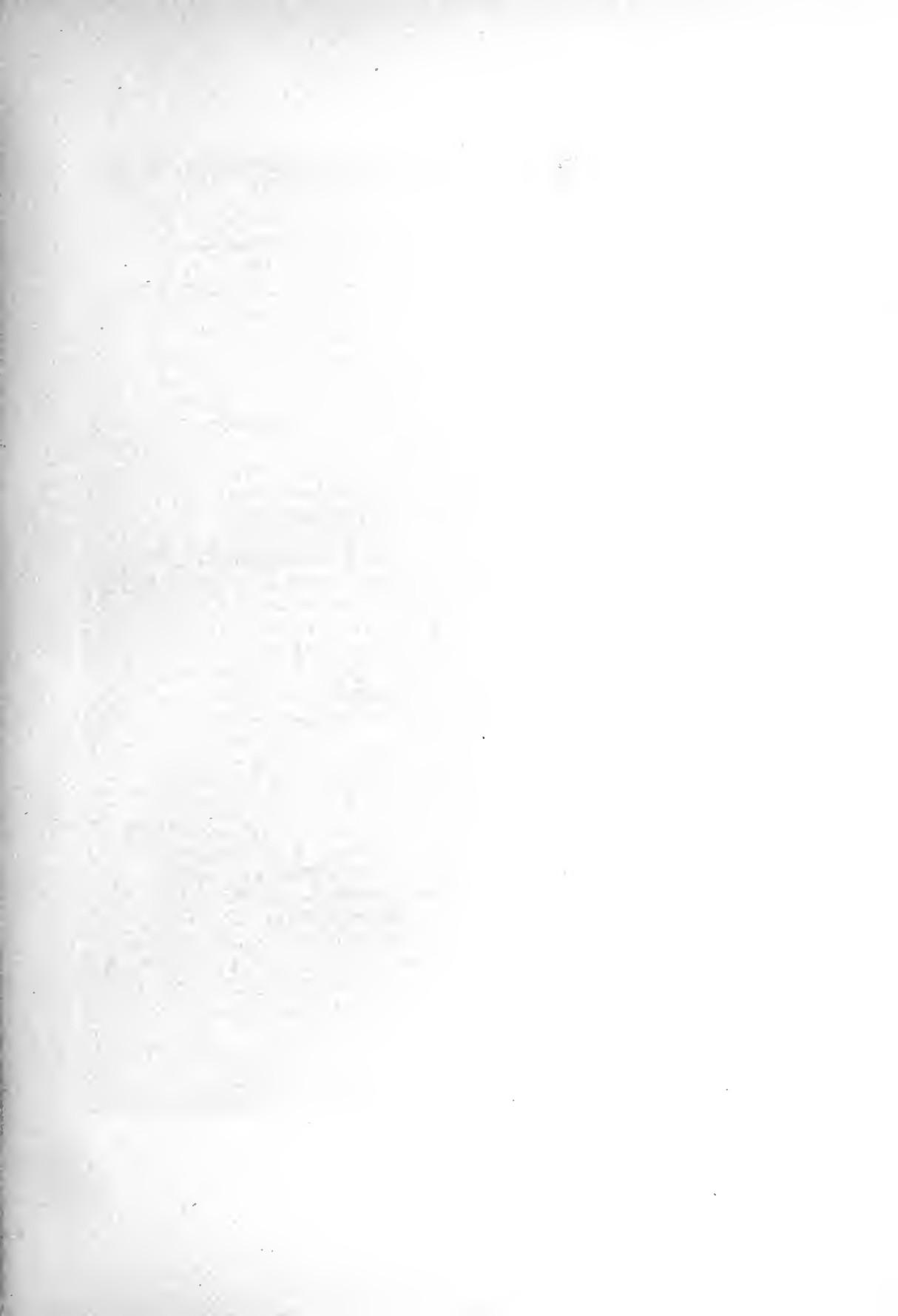
*Tib.* Ah Drusus, Drusus, the late memorie,  
Of great Augustus honorable deeds,  
Compared with this new priuation,  
Doth rive my heart twixt contrarities.

Now would my tongue remember his faire deedes,  
But then my heart swels with remembrance.

Sweet Drusus, thou whose young experience,  
Hath not such deepe impression of these woes,  
Our honorable buryall rights vnsould,  
As moste befits these solomne Exequies.

*Dru.Tib.* My Lord, my duetie bindes me to obey,  
Against my reason, and my budding yeares,  
Yet for to checke my yeares, my reason saies,  
My duetie must be reason to my yeares.  
Therefore great States of this sad Parliament,  
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,  
Vouchsafe to wash your siluer haire more white,  
With flowing teares of true compassion.

*Augustus Cesar, high Octauius,*  
The true successor of great Iulius,  
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raies  
Surpast the glorie of yong Phaeton:  
Now in the darke eclipsing of his daies,  
Lies lower then Apolloes breathlesse Sonne.  
Often hath Rome scene mans fragillitie,  
But nere before the Gods mortallitie.  
Ile pleade his Justice, loe his mercie shines:  
Ile call him mercifull, yet iust winhall:  
In mercy iust, in Justice mercifull:  
Ile pleade his honour, then his meeckenes calls,  
Ile praise his meeckenes, yet in honours robes:





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

In honour meeke, in meekenes honourable,  
Ile plead his wisdome, but his wit me checks,  
Ile prais his wit, yet linckt in wisdomes chaine,  
In wittie wisdome, and in wisdome wit.  
Ile plead his beautie, but his strength bids stay,  
Ile prais his strength but in a beautious mansion,  
Beauteous in valour, and in beautie strong:  
So if ye reake not mans fragilitie,  
Yet weepe to see the Gods mortalitie.

*Con. 1.* No more sweet Drusus into pleasing tears,  
A storie to displeasing thou relat'st.

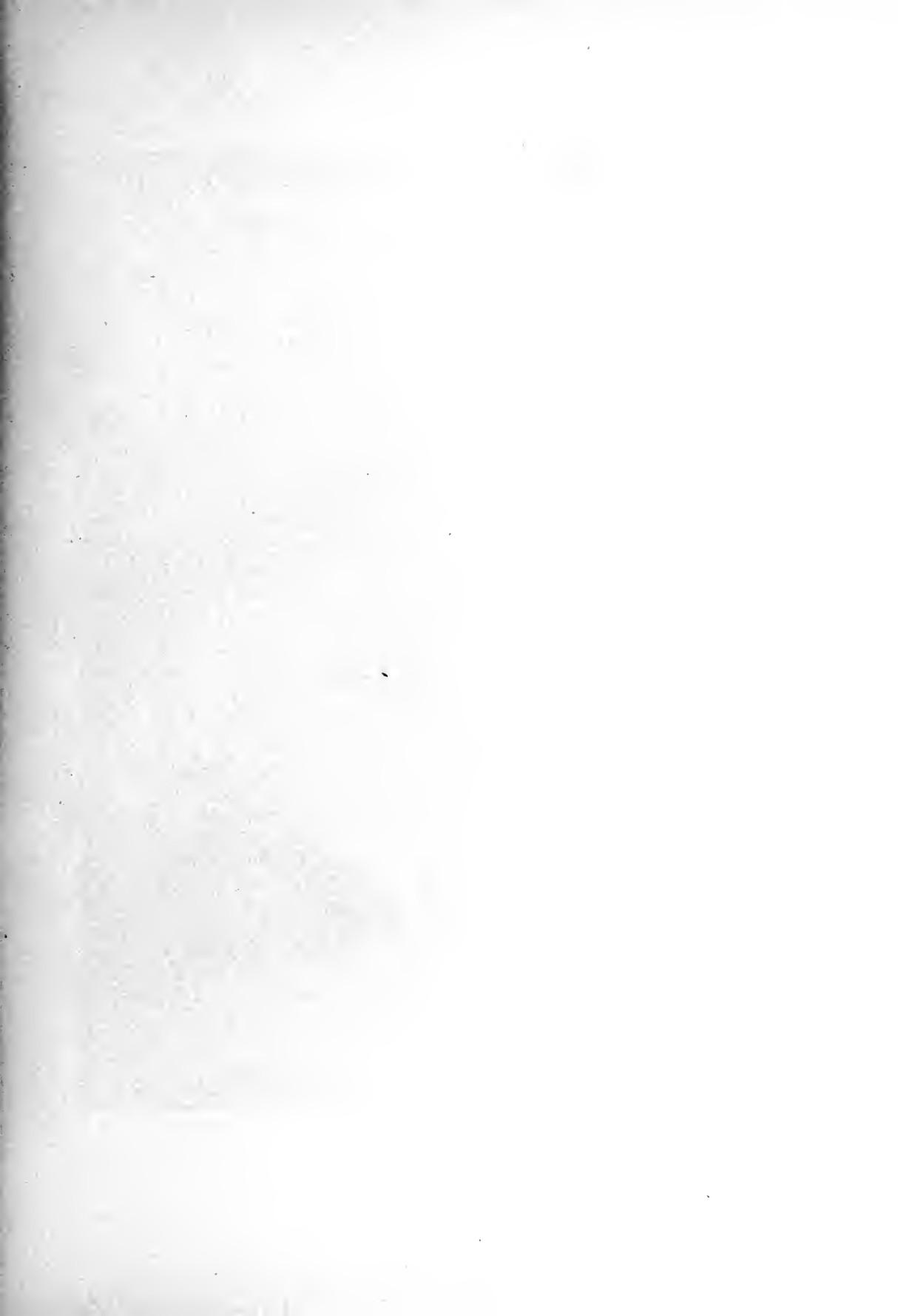
*Con. 2.* Good Drusus, adde not water to the sea,  
To make our sea of sorrowes overflow.

*Neruus.* In vaine, in vaine, these puling signes of  
griefe,  
Eſſeminate waywardnes, inconstant mindes,  
Vassalles to fortune, slaves to natures course;  
*Augustus* dead, and so must all mendie,  
So worke the ſisters of neceſſitie.  
No person humane can eternall be,  
But in ſucceſſion hath eternitie.  
Since then the 'ternall prouideſce of heauen,  
Hath ratified *Augustus* Deitie,  
We muſt prouide for his poore Widdow left,  
Left to our patronage (the Common-wealtheſt)  
And you my Lord *Tiberius* the true heire  
Of great *Augustus* by adoption,  
With loyall homage and true fealtie,  
We doe create our gratioues Emperour.

*Tiber.* And muſt my ſilence breake or heart  
In the accepting of a double yoake? (difleue  
Not ſo *Occiſtis* imposſible  
Poore ſoule for me or for my modeſtie.  
To ſway th' imperiaſt Scepter of the world,  
That of this world am not my Emperour,  
One onely *Phœnix* in *Arabia*,

## *The tragical life and death*

Presents a sacrifice to heauens eye,  
One onely *Atlas* by his prouidence  
The glittering stars of heaven can support.  
One onely one *Augustus*, onely he  
Our Rōmane *Pharix* fit for Emperie,  
Who I<sup>e</sup> no, no, I know, not what you meane,  
An Emperour must wake, I drowsie am:  
An Emperour must be valiant, I am old:  
He must be iust, I may be over-rul'd:  
Sole Monarch must he be, my mother liues:  
And must, and shall be honoured while shel liues.  
An Emperour must be able to endure,  
In warre the winters frosts, and summers heate,  
I seele a palsey rooted in my bones,  
He must haue honie dropping eloquence:  
I for my part neare playd the Orātor.  
By this my Tribunes power well I know,  
How many doubtfull cares he must endure  
That taketh care to be an Emperour.  
An Empire (Gods forfend) a goodly bait,  
To fish for wittlesse high aspiring fooles.  
Humilitie perswades me to auoyde  
A droppe of honie in a flood of Gall.  
Lords trouble not my resolution,  
I dare not, can not, will not take the crowne.  
*Scri.* By Ioue most gallantly dissembled: *Aside.*  
Alas my Lord let tribute of our teares;  
Plead for the orphan of our countreyes state.  
We know —  
*Tib.* What do ye know? I know wel what ye know  
Youle say the state is dolefull: so am I.  
The state is now an orphan, so am I,  
The state hath lost his head, and so have I  
My deare *Augustus*. *He fainelth weeping.*  
*Sab.* Why weepes *Tiberius* and will not cease?  
And will not cease the weeping of the state?  
*Tib.* Yes





## of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Yes yes, Sabinus, I will help my part,  
There is Germanicus the hope of Roome,  
Nero and Drusus, and Caligula.  
These gallant blossomes of the goodly ſtemme,  
Cocceius, Titus, and Aſtinus,  
The spotleſſe records of antiquitie,  
These are fit actors for our empires ſtage,  
I for my part will aſt ſome little part,  
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,  
And you my Lords share in equalltie,  
The glorious Sceanes of Roomeſ faire Emperie.

Aſt. Why then my Lord Tiberius, choose yo upart  
The fruitfull Sicily or gold of Spaine,  
The Arabian ſpices, or the Indian pearles,  
The English wels, or Vines of Italie :  
The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,  
Either Egypitian Isis, or Roomeſ Ioue,  
Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troy nouant,  
Large Citties, fertile ſoile, and gratiouſ Gods,  
If theſe, or any other may content,  
Within the Circuit of our Empire,  
My Lord, choose out your part, and leauē the reſt.

To be aſſign'd at our discretion. *Sceaneus aſſide.*  
O for a ſhift, now Lyon rouse thy ſelfe,  
Or elſe for euer looſe thy Lyons head.

Tib. May I Aſtinus choose? then this I choose,  
To take no charge, for all I know is care,  
*Sicilians* mutinys and Spaniards proud,  
Arabians ſimple fooles, and Indeans droyles,  
Britons too rude, Italians too too wiſe,  
Disloyall Serians, ſuperstitious Jewes,  
Isis too far, and Ioue is plac'd to neare,  
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troy nouant,  
All godly Citties, but all dangerous,  
By Ioue my hate hee deadly ſhall obtaine,  
That bids me but to take a part againe.

B 2 Aſt. Not

## *The Tragical life and death*

*Aff.* Not soe my Lord,you did misconster me,  
I did not meane to makedevision  
In the vnted Vnion of the Realme:  
I did not meane to separate the Sunne,  
To runne by peece-meale in the Zodiacke:  
Nor dreame of multiplicite offoules,  
Which one continued essence animates,  
The heauens cannot mooue without a Sunne :  
Nor can the heauens haue more Sunnes then one.

*Tiber.* *Affinius* I perceiue I did you wrong,  
So to inrerpert your oration,  
I am sorry,(troth I am)and if I liue  
Ile recompence your migh tie iniuries.

*Nero.* Will not *Tiberius* then accept the Crowne?

*Tiber.* Why shold *Tiberius* libertie be ceased?

*Nero.* No,Princes haue the rule of libertie.

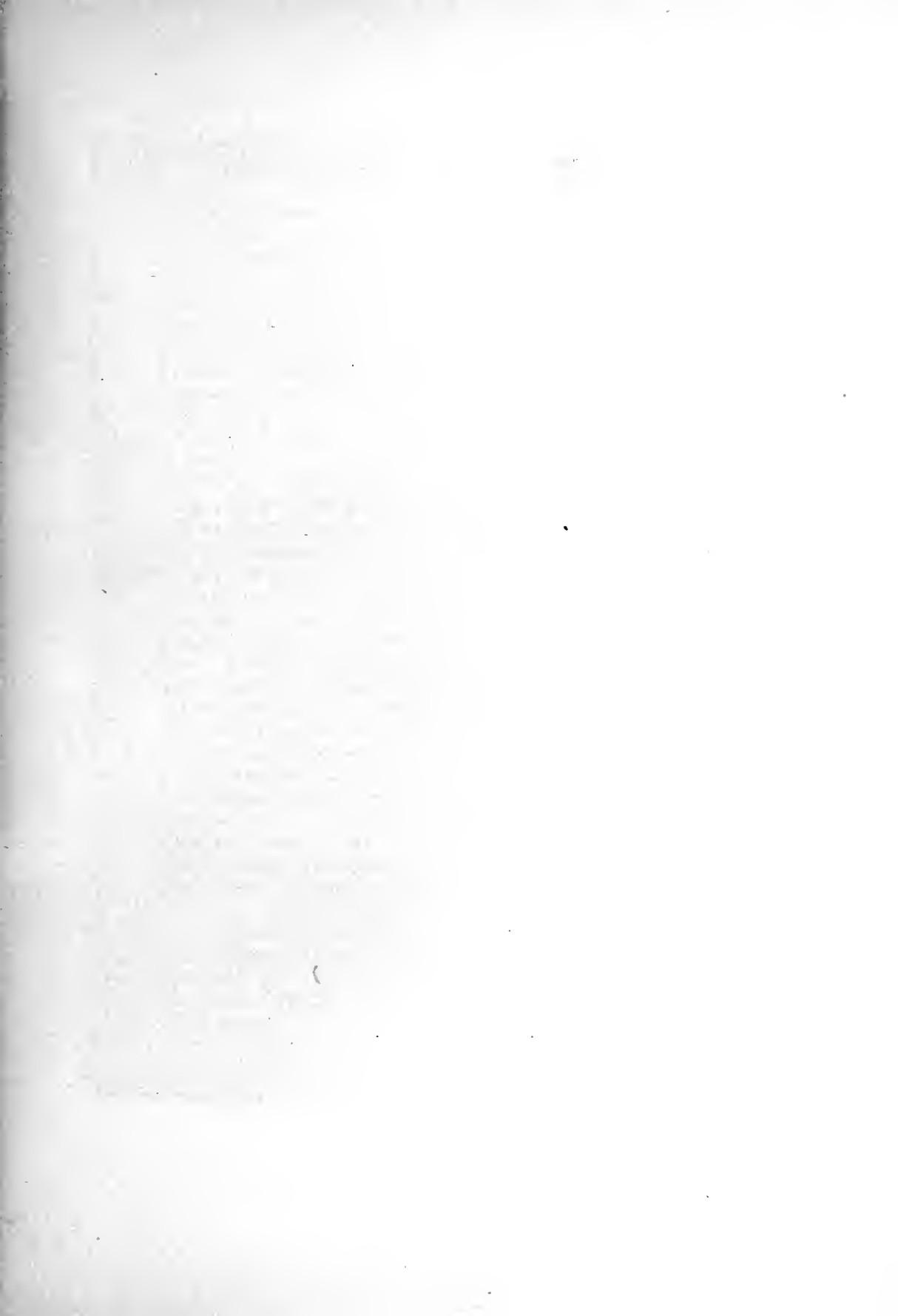
*Tiber.* If libertie in greatnessse did relie.

*Nero.* My Lord,my Lord,it is no time to iest,  
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antithesis,  
Emperour or no Emperour,will you the Crowne or  
Nero, speake plaine,it is high time to knowe. (no?  
*Tib.* Take heed my Lords,be warie in your choise,  
Least after stormes controle your rash attempt,  
You are to choose,but once consider well

*After,*all Subiectes to your Emperour.

If you constraine me to this doubtfull taske,  
And I(as God forbid) should change my minde,  
Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage,  
My snow white conscience to a Scarlet dye,  
Would not the Nations of the lesser world  
That are not subiect to our Emperie,  
Deride your lunaticke election,  
And if ye should but thinke amisse of me,  
Would they not laugh at your inconstancie?  
Take heede,take heede,in vaine ye will repent,  
Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not prevent.

*Sabin.* My





## of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

Sabin. My Lord, how long ſhall we wright in the  
Or plough the ayre with vaine delusions? (ſands,  
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarſe,  
And all in vaine we bend our ſupplyant knees,  
Vaffeile our idle thoughts of reuerence,

Subdue our mounting fancies to your loue,  
And will not all this mooue Tiberiuſ? (queſt.

Ne. Ger. Good Grandſire graunt the Senatours re-  
Dru. Ger. Grandſire, they ſpeake in earnest, take  
the Crowne.

Calig. Ger. Grandſire accept this golde, looke how  
it shines!

My thinkes it would become you paſſing fine.

Tiber. Deare Children, (old Tiberiuſ eldeſt care)  
My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,  
That heauenly Conſort turned to mine eares,  
Thanks my kinde kinſ-men, noble Romains thāks  
Euen from my heart, althoſh my cares increase,  
Conſtrain'd, yet gratefull for your kinde conſtraint,  
Bound to receiue that which my foule abhors,  
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,  
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my modeſtie.  
Yet were my cares in number infinite,  
(For who can number all his cares hath none)  
Should they ſhowre downe in droppes of ſreaming  
Mutter in troups of languiſhing diſpaire, (blood  
Swartine like to Bees, ſting like to Scorpions;  
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart.  
Yet theſe and more, and twice ten thouſand more,  
Old Nero will for Countries cauſe indure,  
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

Sound Trumpets, Nero a crownd him.

Nero. Most mightie Caſar, great Tiberiuſ,  
Euer ~~Senatus~~ Tribune of the State,  
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,

## The Tragical life and death

Sole Consull for our conquered Provinces,  
Prince of the Senate in our policies,  
Wee heere inuest your sacred Majestie,  
In all the Ornamentes imperiall,  
Roomes and the worlds most glorious Emperour.  
*Omnes.* Long liue *Tiberius* Roomes great Emperor.  
*Tiber.* Like as an hartes fawne, enuironed  
Within the circuit of the hunters crie,  
So stand I Romaines wondring at your shewtes,  
These new alarum's quel my flumbring thoughts,  
Chast to the Bay, I breathelesse panting muse,  
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.  
Neuer could *Sparta* glorie of such pray,  
As for to haue an Emperour at bay.  
But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,  
A gallant Roebucke, braue *Germanicus*:  
Roomes shining Beacon in rude Germany,  
Our deare adopted Sonne, our blessed care,  
To him my Lords(as zeale of my affection)  
And signe of duetie to the comon state,  
We doe prorogue eight yeares proconsulship,  
On you *Afinius* we doe impose,  
To be our Legate to *Germanicus*.  
Tell him we loue him,(and be sure you doe)  
Tell him we honour him(doe not forget)  
We loue and honour deare *Germanicus*,  
And would be ioyfull to beholde our Sonne,  
Honoured in triumph a the Capitall.  
But that we knowe the honour of his minde,  
Disdaines to crop the blossomes of his fame,  
Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,  
And all the barbarous Germanes be subdu'd.  
This doe *Afinius* and returne with loue,  
In our new glorie, we thy honour proueth.  
*Afin.* My Lord, what ere *Afinius* honour proueth  
His expedition shall declare he loueth.

*Tib. Now*





# of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

*Tiber.* Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice,  
Saluting all the Gods in visitation :  
Let *Lectiſternia* three daies be proclaimed,  
*The Sibbels counſels and Flaminies,*  
*Lanu* shut vp, and *Vefſaes* fire blaze,  
Into the middle region of the ayre,  
Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitall,  
In filuer ſeale our records to enrole. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Plebeians, four ſpeakers.*

1. Did you not fee our new Emperor how brauely  
he came from his Coronation.

2. Yes, twā's a gallat ſight ſure, but did you mark his  
countenance ? my thought tis mightily altered within  
this five or fix quarters of a yere ſince I ſaw him laſt:

3. I, and I ſaw him goe to the Senate, and as you  
ſay, my thinks hee is much altered, and lookes more  
terrible a great deale.

2. I that ſame lookes I promise is an ilſigne, pray  
God all be well.

4. Well, wee muſt hope the beſt, and thinke tis a  
great change from a ſubieſt to become a ſufficient.  
for ſimple as I ſtand heere, iſ I ſhould chaunce to bee  
chosen Emperor, I ſhould aſſault my ſelf highly I  
can tell you, or any of vs all.

3. *Auguftus* was a goodly man, and I hope hee has  
lef特 ſuch a gracious ſample, that *Tiberius* wil not for-  
get himſelfe.

1. Neuer talke of *Auguftus* more, we ſhal neuer ſee  
his like in Rome, vnielſle *Germanicus* might bee our  
Emperor.

*Om.* O worthy *Germanicus* ! hee's a flower indeed.

1. My maifters, let talk no more of these State-mat-  
ters, for I am afraid we haue ſaid too much already, iſ  
the Emperor ſhould know of it.

2. You haue ſaid wiſely neigbour, for Emperors ſee  
& heare all that they deſire, I haue heard my father  
tel my mother ſo, they haue millions a Spirits that  
tels them all.

3. I care

## The Tragical life and death.

3 I care not, I saide nothing, but prайд God hee  
might be no worse the *Augustus*, that was no harme:

4 Well, let vs part vpon this that hath been laid,  
and lets keepe one anothers counsels, and take heed  
heereafter.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Germanicus with Centurion Soldiers.*

*Ger.* Well followed Tribunes, gallant Gentlemen,  
Thus are these hearts chae'd to their lurking dens,  
That brayed like Asses in their Lyons skinne.  
Worthy Centurion, thou whose might did breake  
The triple ranges of our dangerous foes,  
Whose well wayed buckler tooke so many darts,  
As seem'd to cloud the sunne with multitudes:  
Accept the honour of a Gentleman,  
Crown'd with the triumph of victorious spoyles,  
This Crowne thus pleated of the verdant grasse,  
Thy high vplifted head shall more adorne,  
Then all the honour of proud Germany.

*Centur.* Noble *Germanicus*: a Romaine heart,  
Hath by inheritance a mounting spirit,  
Did not great *Coriolanus* so aduaunce,  
The mellow fruite of his old withered stocke?  
Did not three hundeth *Fabii* all at once,  
In one day breath, war, vanquish, fight and dye,  
All to maintaine the honour of their name?  
So did *Marius* in *Nomidia*,  
And happy *Scylla* vnder *Scipio*.  
With what alacritie did *Scenola*,  
Encounter *Porsenes* torture, death and fire,  
All to maintaine the honour of their name,  
And should not I hazard this blaze of life,  
This rising bubble, this imprisoned soule,  
This changing matter, this inconstant act,  
For Country, friends, and honour of my name?

*Exe.*





# of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, heere is a Legate ſent from Rome,  
Which craues acceſſe vnto your Majestic.

Ger. Let him draw neare: Cofen Aſſinius!

Enter Aſſinius.

Welcome my noble friend to Germanie,

Aſſin. All happynesse vnto Germanicus,  
I haue a ſecret message to impart,  
If please your Grace of priuate patience.

Ger. Tribunes looke to the 4. gates of the Campe  
See that the trenches bee inchaneld deepe;  
Send out our ſcouts, iſt they can ſpic the Foe,  
Number their Cohorts and their Legions:  
Comfort the maimed, burie all the dead,  
Refresh your bodies: for to morrow morne  
We incane to ſcoure this vanquith region:  
away —————

Exeunt.

Now good Aſſinius, tell Germanicus  
The ſublince that your message doth import.

Aſſin. Were I not now to ſpeak vnto your Grace  
My tongue ſhould play the Rethoritian,  
And in graue precepts ſtrive to moralize,  
Or make a long diſcourse of patience,  
Adding a crooked ſign'd Parenthesis,  
Oþpuling ſorrows twixt each ſipred line.  
But for Aſſinius, knowes your ſetled minde  
So nurſt in flowing ſtreames of conſtancie,  
Aſſinius doth reporte Auguftus death,  
I will not common place of mortall men,  
Nor of his vertue; nor his Noblenesse,  
Nor Solons graue aduife ſhall be my Theame:  
I know I ſpeak vnto Germanicus,  
Besides, Tiberius is our Emperor.  
He ſaith he loues you, and to ſhew his loue,  
Hath your proconsulſhip eight yeres prorogu'd.

C

Enter

# The Tragical life and death

Enter Centarian which was crowned.

Cent. Germanicus and graue Asinius,  
Awake froni counsell, all are in vprore,  
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous.  
And crie Germanicus our Emperour,  
Germanicus our noble Emperour.  
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,  
Germanicus shall be our Emperour.  
Germ. A world of cares at once assault my soule.  
I am distracted, harke, the mutinies.  
They crie within, and exhort omnes.

Enter Tiberius, Iulia, and Seianus.

Tib. Impute it not vnto vngratefulnesse,  
(Imperious Augusta of great Rome,  
And which doth touch me nearer dearest mother,  
That Nero hath deserd indebtid thankes,  
Equivalent vnto your high deserts.  
I can not (mother) set your praise to sale,  
Or Orator it with a glozing tongue,  
Graced with picked phrases, glorious speech,  
Choice Synomynies, pleasing Epithites,  
Paged b<sup>A</sup> apish action, toying gesture,  
Mother I hate this tip-tongued flatterie,  
Better is me, be as you see me now,  
Thankfull in outward deeds, than outward shew,  
But forward mother with your former tale.

Iulia. No sooner the vncontrolled fates,  
Exilde his life, and with his life our care,  
But that Seianus from whose faithfull tongue  
(As from Apellos tru-sent Oracles,  
We chiefe deriuе the drift of our affaires)  
Roasted like to the Palphraies of the Sunne,

To





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

To Roades where thou in exile didst remaine,  
There to enforme thee of *Augustas* death,  
The Empires vacancie, and thy repeale.

*Tib.* My tongue denies to blazon in harsh words  
Deare friends the thaukfulnesse my heart affords.

*Iulia.* Meane while had I not with great policie,  
Buried in silence great *Augustus* death,  
And in the closet of my care-sworne brest,  
Embosomed the notice of the same,  
She wne vnto thee, smoothered to vulgar fame,  
Bar'd from the base Plebeians itching eares,  
*A Castrell* had possessest thy Eagles nest.  
And thou the Eagle hadst beene dispossessest.

*Seia.* But now that *Castrel* in his course is stopt,  
Clift are his piations of ambitious flight:  
Nor shall he hope to sit where *Nero* soares.

*Tib.* Were he the issue of eternall *Jove*,  
Or farre more fortunate in his successe,  
Then was *Alcides*, or faire *Tberis* sonne,  
More happie in the offspring of his loyne  
Then *Priam* in his childrens multitude,  
Yet would I bridle his aspiring thoughts,  
And curbe the reynes of his ambition.

*Seia.* Wel can he braue it in his barbarous armes,  
Against th' oppugning force of Germanie,  
And stranger nations of the farthest North,  
Whose hearts like to their Climate hard congeald,  
Are frozen cold to Romes felicitie.  
*A crested Burganetto* more fits him,  
Then to ingirt his Temples with a Crowne.

*Tib.* Therefore in policie by thine aduise,  
Vnder pretext of honourable minde,  
We deligated to *Germanicus*,  
*A sinius Gallus* into Germanie,  
With twice foure yeares prorogued Consulship.

*Iulia.* Which of necessitie he must accept,

## The Tragical life and death

Sith hope of higher honour is forestald.

Tiber. Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enjoy :  
This was th' attractive Magne of his hopes.

Seia. To which how hardly did you seeme allur'd  
With such denyall you refused it :  
Making a Commentarie on the Crowne,  
With o't ! the dretie of an Emperour,  
How warie, watchfull, wise he ought to be,  
How drowsie, and imprudent you were,  
With heaping vp a storie of what cares  
They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,  
So grac'd with sundrie squemish subtleties,  
*As Mercurie himselfe (the God of witte)*  
Might haue admir'd, but not haue matched it.

Tiber. Yet did that Argus eyed *Affinius*,  
Both marke and bluntly mate me in my drift,  
*Wish, choose your part my Lord in Britany,*  
Or heyday, where you will, so not in Rome,  
but by my Genius ile remember —

Julia. I, had not wise *Afinius* vttered it.

Tiber. Had me no had-nots, nor *Afinius*  
Can so ore cannopic his close conceite,  
But I will know the Panther by his skinne.  
Nor am I ignorant of his great loue.

He beares vnto the proud *Germanicus*,

How ever cloyed in hippocretie.

Seian. I, that *Germanicus* holds at their hearts, (hope  
Iul. No meruaile, for they call him Roomes chiefe

*S.ia.* And s. me did say he shold be Emperour,

In spite of Iulia and hir exilde Sonne,

Tiber. But neither *Iulia* nor hei exilde Sonne,

Would haue endured such competitors.

Nero will brooke no riuall in his rule,

Vnlesse it be th' emperious *Iulia*,

To whome the law of nature bindes *Tiberius*

So firme obligeid in obedience,

As





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

As all the attributes of Majestie,  
Rome, or the world, or *Nero* can affoord,  
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.  
Whose loue first lent the essence of my life,  
Whose life doth onely make me loue to live.

*Iulia.* Enough my sonne.  
Sufficient presidents of dutious minde,  
We oft have proued and approued oft,  
And for our part neuer did *Tiberius*.  
Bear so great loue to all the sonnes she bare,  
As *Iulia* doth to one *Tiberius*.

*Tib.* Mother, I do confess and know it true,  
But in the infancie of our estate,  
More priuate consultation better fits,  
We and *Sejanus*, will into our studie.

*Iulia.* And we into our walking Gallerie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Germanicus solus.*

*Germ.* I haue dispatcht *Afinius* to Rome,  
With thankes to *Nero* and the Senators.  
O Rome !  
*Augustus* dead, *Tiberius* Emperour,  
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,  
The Legions discontented and mutinous;  
The Pretors tyrants in their Provinces :  
The Navie spoil'd, ynrig'd, dismembred:  
The Cittie made a brothell house of sinne:  
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie.  
The field of Mars turn'd to a Tennis-court,  
*Minervae* Olive to the Mrtle tree,  
*Appollon* Laurel, ynto *Bacchus* Vine,  
High Ione contempnd, and *Vestaes* Tapers scornd:  
The Oracles dispis'd, the Sibbills bookees  
Esteem'd as superstitious delusions :  
The Orient vp in armes and yso fled,

## The Tragical life and death

The Gallogretians proud for to rebell,  
Affricke in vprore, Asia in braules.  
And these rude Germane kernes not yet subdued;  
Besides a new deuis'd Religion,  
Of the inconstant Iewes cal'd Christians.  
Our sacred Oracles some are stroke dumbe,  
And some for tolde of Romes destruction:  
Vocall Boetia in deepe miseries,  
And Delphian glorie in obscurenesse lies,  
A Geminied *Phoebus*, a three doubled moone,  
A whirling Commet, flashing in the ayre,  
A Wolfe ascended to the Cappitoll:  
The Temple blasted of fidelitie:  
A coniunon Harlet to bring foorth a Beare,  
O Gods ! my heart doth quake, my soule doth feare.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, the scoutes discouered the wood,  
Wherein the Germanines doe in ambush lie.  
Ger. Sirra, goe tell them I will scarre the Crowes.  
Page. My Lord. Exit.  
Ger. Boy, trouble not my Meditations,  
What should I spend my time to scarre these crowes,  
When there's a cole-blacke Rauen pearcht so high?  
*Germanicus*, soare thou an higher pitch,  
Towre like a Larke, and like an Eagle mount,  
Till thou hast seaz'd vpon thy pray: for why?  
The Legions loue thee, hate *Liberius*:  
Honour thy vertues, scorne his cowardise,  
Extoll thy meekenesse, and reuile his pride:  
Pray for thy happinesse and curse his daies,  
My Father *Caius*: his was *Claudius*,  
I am of *Casar*, he of *Julia*:  
I heire by nature, he but by adoption:  
Rome saw thee honoured, Rhodes him bannished,

He





## of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,  
But I the Lyons of proud Germanie.  
And this were cause enough, were there no other:  
I by *Auguſtus* made, he by his mother.  
But thou art heire imperall to the state:  
But he that lookeſ for death may hope to late.  
Yet hope *Germanicus*, good hopes a treasure,  
But he that hopes for meate, may starue at pleasure,  
I, but *Tiberius Nero*'s verie olde,  
But young enough to liue to ſee thee ſold.  
I, but he loues thee for *Auguſtus* ſake,  
*Auguſtus* gone, the match is new to make,  
But ſince his death, thy power he hath augmented,  
I, that at Rome my power might be preuented:  
He ſent thee word he loues thee, ſo I thinkē:  
Who would not loue the wine he meanes to drinke?  
He honours thee (he ſaid) and ſo I deeme,  
Who would not of the fattest Goate eſteeme?  
Impatient furie flye *Germanicus*,  
How is thy reaſon dimm'd with clowdie paſſion?  
Proud ſwelling dropſie, euer gnawing worme,  
Inſatiatē vulture, vile ambition,  
Deluding Sirene, where's *Germanicus*?  
The Legions loue thee not for to aspire,  
Thy vertue ſhines not in oppreſſion;  
No honour in ambitious aray:  
No meekeenes in a traytors happines,  
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,  
Nor *Caſar* did abet thy treacheries,  
By nature heire, then be thou naturall,  
Rome ſaw thy honour, change not liuerie,  
But make thy haruest vp in Germanie.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord the Tribunes ſent me to your grace  
To know your royll pleaſure in the caſe.

Germ. What,

## The Tragical life and death

*Ger:* What, haue they chas'd the foe, and I delay?  
Runne *Caius*, flie for hast, away, away.

*Enter Caligula at one end of the stage, and Seianus at the other end below. Julia at one end aloft, and Tiberius Nero at the other.*

*Cal.* I am a foole, I am *Caligula*,  
Suppos'd and idiot, and am so indeed,  
For he that will liue safe must seeme a foole.

*Julia.* Am not I Empresse, and shall I be control'd,  
Am I *Augusta*, and shall I not rule?  
Haue I made him to raigne, and shall I stooper?  
Is he my sonne, and am not I his mother?  
*Tiberius* thou shalt know a womans hate,  
Exceedeth bounds, and never can haue date.

*Tib.* How am I Emperour and my mother rule?  
Is she the Sunne, shall I the shadow be?  
I but the smoake, and shall she be the fire?  
I but a bare imagination,  
And she the image that is honoured?  
I but the echo, shall she be the sound?  
A plague vpon her, I will her confound.

*Seia.* Thus will I do: nay thus, nay villaine thus  
Poison *Tiberius*: I but *Germanicus*,  
The Emperour and his mother seeme to iarre.  
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your sports ile marre  
But Nero loves me: so did my mother to,  
And yet I brake her necke in honestie.  
Mother forgiue me, ile doe so no more,  
Yet if a thousand mothers necks would serue  
To get me to be Emperour of Roine,  
By lieauens I would not leaue one necke alive,  
And to be sure that they should all be broke,  
Ide hire some honest ioynter them to set,  
And breake them ouer twentie thousand times,

*And*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And for to recompence his worthy paine,  
Ide make him set his owne nine times againe.

*Caligula.* I laugh to see how I can counterfeite,  
And I should blush, if that Germanicus,  
My father, my dissembling should beholde  
He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foole :  
My mother was deliuering in the Campe,  
And in my swadling cloathes, I chac'd the Foe,  
My Cradle was a Corflet, and for milke  
I battened was with blood: and fed so fast  
That in ten yeares I was a Collonell.

My mother knew this, but she deemes me chang'd  
Poore woman in the loathsome Romish stewes,

O Mother, I am chang'd: but wherefore soe?

*Caligula of Caligula* must not knowe.

*Inl.* Shall I call him a Bastard? true it is,  
But *Iulia*, then thou doo'it thy selfe the wrong.  
Say that he was *Augustus* murtherer,  
Yet ther ein *Iulia* thou wert counsellor,  
How then? a vengeance on his cursed head,  
So he were murther'd would that I were dead.  
Vile Monster that I am, to perrish loath,  
Yet heauen's raine brimstone and consume vs both,  
I am impatient, yet I must dissimble. *Exit Iulia.*

*Tiber.* She is my Mother, I must honour her:  
She is my Ladie, I must shew her duetie :  
She is most wise, worthie of freuerence :  
I but the hag is mooste ambitious,  
Shee must haue Priestes forsooth, and *Flaminies*,  
To sacrifice vnto her majestic,  
She must checke *Nero*, I and schoole him too;  
As he were prentise to hir tutorship,  
She must incorporat free Denizens :  
Or else sheele scold and raile, & snarle and bite,  
And take vp *Nero* for his Justinesse.  
Well, let her scolde, and rayle, and snarle and byte,

D

*Nero*

## The Tragical life and death

Nero will manage well the haggard kite,  
I will by Iose, I will, yet I must seeine  
As though my mother I did most esteeme. *Exit Tib.*  
*S. 1.* He that wil clime, and a me at honours white,  
Must be a wheeling turning pollititian:  
A changing Proteus, and a seeming all,  
Yet a discoloured Camelion  
Fram'd of an ayrie composition:  
As sickle and vncostant as the ayre:  
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,  
By each new fangled reflection,  
Rul d by the influence of each wandring starre,  
Waxe apt to take each new impression.  
With witemen sober, with licencious, light:  
With proud men stately, humble with the meeke:  
With old men thirftie, and with young men vaines:  
With hangrie, furious, and with mild men calme:  
Humerous with one, and *Cato* with another:  
Effeminate with some, with other chaste,  
Drink with the German, with the Spaniard braue:  
Brag with the French, with the Ægyptian lie,  
Flatter in Creet, and fawne in Gracia.  
This is the way, *Seianus* vse thy skil,  
Or this, or no way must thou get thy will.  
If thou cooſt meane the Empire to obtaine,  
Sweare, flatter, lye, diſſemble, cog, & faine. *Exit. St.*  
*Calig.* *Caligula*, why doth thy flumbring soule,  
Thus dreame within thy common ſences mansion?  
Awake for shame, flye to Germanicus,  
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of sorrow,  
Vncaſe this follye, and vnmakſe this face,  
That hath enueloped *Caligula*.  
But ſee my mother, *Agripina* comes  
With valiant *Drusus*, and *Nero* my wife brother,  
*Caligula's* now a Fole, in faith no other. *Manet.*  
*Enter*





# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter Agripina with her two Sonnes, Drusus  
and Nero.

Agr. Why then my Sons, Tiber. weares the crown :

Dra. I mother, and hee sweares heele keepe it too.

Ner. Ger. And reason brother hath he so to doe.

Dru. What reason brother hath he but his will?

Nero. Will may be reason, if heele keepe it still.

Drus. And shall he raigne? a base Plebeian.

Ner. He was adopted a Patritian.

Drus. So may I choose my horse to be my Page.

Nero. Good brother calme your furious swelling  
We gaue our voices in his election, (rage)  
nay Brother storne not here me what I say,

Did not we sweare loyall fidelitie,

within the Capitoll vnto his grace?

Did we not both at Vestaes sacred shrine,

Pray for the safetie of his Majestie?

And wilt thou Drusus now recall thy oath,

Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers infence?

Remember Drusus, what so ere he be,

Now he is crown'd al's past recoverie. (you know

Dra. Crown'd, I, and may be discrown'd for ought

How say you mother, may it not be so?

Cal. This ti's to be resolu'd my gallat Brother. afar

How hardly can I my affections smother? off.

Agrip. Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde

A noble way to vertuous resolution:

In thee my Nero, wisdomes treasurie:

In thee my Drusus, magnanimitie,

In both, your fathers honorable minde.

Speake faire my Sons (awhile) vnto Tiberius,

Vntill the triumph of Germanicus:

Then be resolu'd —

The cause is honorable, feare no ill.

But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's Caligula

Capring: he takes no heed of higher thinges,

## The Tragical life and death

Ile call him hether, and see what he saies :

*Caligula*, come hether gentle Sonne,  
How doest thou like the great *Tiberius*?

*Cit.* Faith he's a braue man Mother, and his par-  
rell is fit, and he has a fine Crowne of golde, and all  
this makes him but a braue man, for what would you  
haue in a braue man but he may haue it?

*Agr p.* Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leaue  
your toes.

*Calig.* Why Mother, he can turne aboue ground,  
turne on the toe, turne euerie way, what should I say  
more?

By heauen a braue man.

*Nero.* And what can you doe Brother, let vs see?

*Cit.* Faith Brother I am not in the humour, and  
braue men can doe nothing without it bee in an hu-  
mour.

*Drus.* Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentleman.

*Agrip.* Farwell *Caligula*.

*Exeunt. Agr. Drus. & Nero*

*Caligu.* I, I warrant you, for ile sup at Courtie  
night.

Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewell,  
Whome I admire in such deuotion :  
But dare not trust. *Drusus*: I know thee well,  
And loue thee dearely, for thy high resolues,  
But dare not trust thee. *Nero* I applaud  
Thy wisdome, but it wante a resolution.

*Nero* and *Drusus*, beware the braine-sickē foole  
*Caligula*, set you not both to Schoole. *Exit.*

*Enter Iulia, Tiberius, and Seianus.*

*Iulia.* Heard ye not with what general applause,  
*Afinius* was welcommed to Rome?  
At his retурne from barbarous Germany,  
How many greedie ears did glut themselues,

*With*





## of Claudio<sup>s</sup> Tiberius Nero.

With hearing newes of their Germanicus ?  
How many greedy tongues in labour were,  
To blazen foorth the trophies of his praise ?

Tiber. Not *Priams Hector* from the flying Greeks,  
Whome he had chased from the Terthene thore,  
Return'd with greater expectation,  
Then laden with the spoiles of Germaine foes,  
The people long to see Germanicus.

Seia. Not onely the Plebeians, but the Eques,  
Do reuerence him within their inward thoughts,  
as if the Vassalile were a demie God.

Tiber. And rightly marry, for if *Nero* line,  
*Nero* shall deifie him to the full.

Seia. But if you suffer him on honors wings,  
To soare vp higher in ambitious flight,  
Borne on the tempest of the peoples tonges:  
Tis tenne to one, heele never stoope to lure ,  
To keepe him short, is onely to be sure .

Lilia. Let vs commaund him, vpon paine of death,  
Not to approach within our cittie walles,  
But either to dismiss his Soldiers,  
Or on the plaines pitch his Pauillions.

Tiber. No marry mother, not for all the world,  
Why? it were ominous: Romes walles engirt,  
With armed garrisons of greatest foes,  
Vnpolitiquely counseled in my minde,  
Administring too fit occasion,  
For to suspect, and feare a fou'e pretence.  
And further, that the base *Plebesans*,  
As wauering, and inconsistent in their loues,  
as is thee changing *Laconiades* :  
Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,  
Woula like a world of riuers to the maine,  
Flow to Germanicus by multitudes,  
Whose swelling pride, by their repaire encrease,  
Will overflow the bankes of loyaltie.

## *The Tragical life and death*

Mother this was but shallow pollicie,  
But who st that interrupps our conference?

Enter *Piso from Armenia.*

*Sca.* It's *Lucius Piso*, *Pretor of Sirria.*

*Tiber.* Welcome to Rome, and olde *Tiberius.*

What newes in Sirria, and Armenia?

With all our Orientall Prouinces:

*Pis.* Peace hath resign'd her Rome to bloody warre,  
Whilst *Mars* the furie-breathing God of armes,  
Knits vp his sore-head in a fearefull frowne  
And in the furrowes of his foulded browes,  
Displaies the sable Ensigne of sad death,  
Upon the spacious Armenian plaines,  
And all the orient in rebellious pride,  
(Threatning destruction, to our westerne world)  
Doe seeme to challenge vs in daring armes.

*Tiber.* Who is the Head in this rebellion?

*Pis.* The cheife controler of these warlike troupes  
Is vncontrold *Vonones* on whose Crest:  
Victorie seemes to daunce among his plumes,  
His Burgonet and steele Habergeon,  
Of bloody colour like vnto his minde,  
Of visage sterne, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,  
Looking as though he did comprise the world,  
Within the complot of some stratagem.

*Tiber.* Ha! what, so soone Armenia vp in armes,  
Hast thou forgot thy wonted seritude?  
Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done?  
Or dead with *Silla* that first conquered thee?  
Are all the stripes that strong *Lucullus* gaue,  
Vnto thy neighbour Pontus and thy selfe,  
Quite healed vp, without offensiuе scarre?  
are iugtie Pompeies Tropheis quite forgot?  
Well, be it so: they blow rebellious flame,

And





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And they sha'll feele the furie of the same,  
Meane while, retorne thou *Piso* to thy lodging,  
Till fit occasion to employ thee hence. *Exit. Piso*  
*Sext.* How likes your Maiestie this woful newes?

*Im.* Like enough, he mislikest it enoughe.

Might *Livia* counsell him, he shoulde reuenge it,  
with more extreamitie of punishment.  
Then angrie loue raign'd from the vault of heauen  
Vpon his Throne oppugning Briatis.

*Tibe.* I, soft and faire, first stop our teares at home,  
Then let Armenia seele the force of Rome.

*Sext.* Good counsaile, great *Tiberius*, knew we how.

*Tiber.* How? what are all our policies extinct?  
Noe, be attentive, and ile tell thee how,  
The head-spring stopt the smaller founts will faile,  
and thus our hoine bred feare Germanic,  
Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers hap's,  
Take from his life their lights continuance,  
His life therefore extinct, their light is done.

*Im.* This is the thing that we consulted off,  
But to no purpose yet.

*Tibe.* Yes Mother yes,  
By this occasion of the Armenian wars,  
an opportunitie is offerred vs,  
Both to reuenge and rid vs of our foes,  
This Vsurer offame *Germanicus*,  
(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,  
As doth a niggard for a showre of golde.)  
No sooner shall returne to Rome,  
Grac'd with the tryumphes of his victories,  
But by my vollicie, and faire pretext,  
We will conclude it in the Senate house,  
That for the safetie of Romes tottering state,  
*Germanicus* must to Armenia,  
Where hee shall fall by fierce *Vonons* sword,  
Or if he scape, wee le so determine it,

As

## The Tragical life and death

As Ioue to Saturne, shall resigne his Throane,  
and banisht from the Speare, where now he raignes,  
Humble him selfe, below the horned Moone,  
Before he shall returne to visite Roome.

Enter Drusus, Liuiia, and Spado.

(iestie  
Drus. Tiber: The Gods preserue your royll Ma-

Tibe. Good day vnto you Sonne and Liuiia.

Liuiia. Haue you attended long our comming forth?

Liuiia: Not verie long my gracious Grandmother,  
But hearing you were in close conference,  
It had beeene rudenesse to haue interrupted yee.

Tiber. We were indeede in consultation,  
about affaires of speciall secrecie,

But where sore-lookes our Sounce so sad this morn?

Drus. Tiber. Hath not the clang of harsh Armenian  
The ratling sound of Clarions & Drums, (troupes  
Thundred into your eares a deepe reuenge?  
The Orient doth shine in warlike steele,  
and bloody streamers waued in the ayre,  
By their reflexions die the plaines in red,  
as ominous vnto distruetive wars,  
as are the blazing Commets in the East.

Tiber: We haue both heard, and eke consulted of  
The whole effect: of which our conference,

VVe shall at fitter time relate to thee.

Meane while lets make our preparation,

against th' arriuall of Germanicus,

VWho meane to morrow for to Royalize,

The triumphes of his Germaine victories.

Exeunt Tiberius, Liuiia, and Drusus.

Manet Seianus & Liuiia, & Spado.

Seian. Madame, a word with your good Ladiship.

Liui. So please it your good Lordship, so yemay.

Seia. But





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Seian.* But shall I speake my mind without control?

*Linia.* I haue no pattent to controll you sir.

*Seian.* But will ye not be angry if I doe?

*Linia.* That's as your selfe shal give me cause thereto

*Seia.* But say my tung shoulde fault before I find it?

*Linia.* If lightly I woulde passe it, and not mind it.

*Seia.* What if I shoulde offend with hearts assent?

*Linia.* The offence shuld pardoned be if you repēt

*Seia.* Thinketh my Lady as she sayth to me?

*Linia.* No other wayes my Lord. But well I see

By these your long circumlocutions,

Your businesse is of small import with me.

*Seia.* Of more import (sweet Lady) then my life.

*Linia.* A matter of more waight then I must know.

*Seia.* Yet must you know it or I must not be.

*Linia.* Can Linia then impart a remedie?

*Seia.* I, if she please to salue my maladie.

*Linia.* What salue should Linia to your sore apply?

*Seia.* Pitties quintesence, and soft clemencie.

*Linia.* Strange sore, strange salue.

*Seian.* Yet not so strange as true.

*Linia.* I pittie it: God send you ease adue.

*Seia.* Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,

To tel my paine doth somewhat ease my heart,

And to be graced with attentiuē heede,

To Louers doth especiall comfort breedē.

*Linia.* Then is my Lord a Louer?

*Seian.* You haue read.

*Linia.* How wonderfully metamorphosed?

*Seian.* More wonders can she worke that wrought

Able to change the chasteſt vtican. (my bane,

*Linia.* What is your Goddesse then a Sorceresse?

*Seian.* The first, but then the latter nothing lesse.

*Linia.* You said she vſed charming sorceries:

*Seia.* Onely the enchantments of her Cristall eies,

Which had they glaunced on enamoured loue,

## The Tragical life and death

While Io liu'd loue, would haue beg'd her loue,  
and spite of Juno, Hecuba and Ganimede,  
She onely shoulde haue grac'd Theatates bed,

Liu. Pearcelesse belike, and fit to be a Cowe,  
Farewell Scianus, I must leaue ye nowe.

Seia. Deare Madam, one word more, and then far-

Liu. Be briefe Scianus then. (wel

Seia. Beauties faire cell,  
The heauenly Panopnhea of our daies.

Liu. Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praise.

Seia. By these bright thinning Tapers thy faire eies  
The guiding Planets of Scianus life,  
Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,  
With farre more glorious admiration,  
Then chaste Dictionna or Latonaes Sonne,  
But one word more (deare soule) and I haue done,  
By this faire braunch, sprouted from fairer tree,  
Enamuled with Azure Ruerets,  
Blew coloured vaines, which euerie waies disper'st,  
In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.

Liu. Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand so hard.

Seia. How can I chose, sith you do gripe my heart?

Liu. Let goe my hand, or I will haue thy head.  
I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!

Seia. I, in your louely, but obdurate brest.

Liu. In my brest though it were there indeede,  
I would vnrif my breast, and teare it out.

Seia. Yet for your selues sweet sake to self be kinde  
Soe faire a frame holdes not so foule a minde.  
But Madame, leauing off this angrie moodie,  
In fadnesle wold you graunt, if you were woo'd.

Liu. Blast not my name with lustfull infamie,  
For if thou do, by heauen I wil — She pulshis rapier

Seia. Lady, these handes were neuer made to brā-  
dish steele.

Liu. Could I but get it, thou shouldest quickly feele;

Seia. Fye





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

Sei. Eye Lady, fyce what turn'd a Soldier?  
If you be so resolu'd, let this be war. *He kiseth her.*  
Lin. Vnciuilie, by violence! Spado I am wrong'd,  
Sp. By loue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,  
Or I wil sheath my Rapier in thy heart. Sp. draweth.  
Sei. Put vp; put vp, Pigmy hold, I say put vp;

*Seianus giveth Spado his purse.*  
What wylt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?  
Lin. Leaden resolued coward, let me see't,  
I will phlebotomize his lustfull blood.

*She taketh the Rapier.*  
Seia. That have ye done alreadie by your spight,  
And now accept this sacrifice. *He swoundeth.*

Spa. O cruell pligbt!  
Lin. Yet will I breath another life into him,  
Or burie him within this Sepulcher:  
Spado, helpe, helpe, for Gods sake holde his head,  
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,  
Doe make me see my shame that was vnkinde,  
Good gentle heart, I should haue pardoned him.

*Faire Proserpine*  
I am a Louer.  
Linia. See how his idle soule,  
Not quite diseuenered from his Arteries,  
Makes him dreme vainely of Elizium:

Seianus:  
Seia. Who cal's that name, *He lifteth himselfe vp,*&  
The verie index of al misery? *Linia flyeth backe.*  
Lin. I am a shamed for I wastoo nigh.  
Seia. Ah Lady, I did dreme that you did grant me  
Lin. What shal I say? words faile me to deny him,  
Seianus dreme thou still that I did graunt —

Seia. But dremes without effectes bee but vaine  
hopes.

Linia. No more was your's, yet dreme you stil  
in hope.

E 2      Seia. But

## The Tragical life and death

Seia. But shall my hopes succeede?

Liu. I will not promise.

Seia. But performe indeed. *Exit Liuia & Spado.*

*Manet Seianus solus.*

Seia. Wrong me not shallow Polititians,  
By misinterpreting my actions:

A farther reach is in Seianus head,

Then to adulterate a Princes bed.

Not lust, nor loue, but hate and iniurie,

Inspire me with profounder pollicie.

Vnder this vale of loue inueloped,

Tis not a kisse: an Empire tis I seeke,

An opportunitie to claime the crowne,

And fit occasion to wreake reuenge,

Vpon her husband for his iniuries.

Drusu, the boxe on the eare thou gau' st me,

Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.

Meane while, let this suffice: for my intent

Is onely for to loue this instrument,

As did Ulisses, Troyes Paladium,

Not for it selfe, but Troyes destruction.

But whist S:ianus prison vp thy tongue,

Now to the tryumphes, I haue staid too long.

Enter Germanicus in Tryumph with the Arch-flamines  
before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Asinius and Sabi-  
nus: next Iulia, Agripina, and Livia, then Nero,  
Drusus and Caligula, Germanici: then Seianus and  
other Senators, then the Capteines of Germani-  
cus with his Soldiers and Prisoners: they  
crown him with Crownes and Gar-  
lands according to the Cus-  
ome, and all crye.

Omnis. Long liue victorious Germanicus,  
In glory Royallize.

Ner. Archfi. Noble





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ner.* Archela. Noble Germanicus, whose winged  
Swift glyding through the frozen Germany, (fame,  
Hath brought vs newes of thy faire victories,  
Thou that doest equalize in honors Titles,  
The elder Scipio, noble African,  
And younger Scipio Asiaticus,  
Paulus Emilius of proud Macedon,  
Flaminiae conquest, and Metellus glorie:  
Old Fabius wis dome and Marcellus furie,  
Renowned Gracchus, gallant resolution,  
Braue man at armes vnfold thy Victories,  
Which heauens themselues do seeme to solemnize.

*Ger.* First to the Gods the Authors of my good,  
I sacrifice the insence of my thankes.  
Next vnto you my Lord imperiall,  
I wish eternitie of happiness.  
All you that weare the snowie liuerie;  
Of longe experiance worthie Senators:  
And you the flowring blossomes of faire Rome,  
My verie essence, valiant Soldiers all  
Louing Quirites, loyall countriemen,  
Faire Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,  
Embellished with royall chastitie;  
In all the circuite of my humble vowes,  
I offer vp to Iones protection.  
Since first my Lords I entred Germanie,  
The fertile soile of base Rebellion,  
Our Eagles twice nine times have been displaid,  
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored.  
The barbarous Marshes on the southerne side,  
Hailde downe three furious stormes of poysoned  
Not Cicas torture bloody Scithian: (darts  
Nor Crassus scourge, disembling Partheans,  
Did euer rage in such tempestuous shewres,  
But by the prowesse of our valiant Knights,  
Who all alighted from their furious steedes,

## *The Tragical life and death*

We stil'd the hissing of these poysous Snakes,  
Which all the neighbour countrie stinges to death,

*Omn. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.*

*Ger. But on the northerne side of Germany,*

Whereas th' Vspites kept the plaine,

Impalled in a wildernesse of wood,

V Val'd with a rockie mountaine in the East,

Back't with the sea vpon the northerne Coast,

Enchannell'd with a deepe intrenched meere,

Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne side,

These mew'd-vp Foxes in this Stratagem,

Deridell all our Legions braueries,

Foure times with all our power we gaue assault,

To winne the passage of that daungerous meere,

Foure times repulsed by the quaking ground,

That trembling durst not beare our Soldiers.

At length whien Cinthia's borrowed waining light

Repaide the essence of her brothers lampe,

Behinde the low desending of the hill,

I saw the Ocean farre rebattered,

As when the elder African in Spaine,

by ebbing Thetis scarred Carthage walles,

So by the flying backward of the maine,

The Foxes on the backe I saw engirt,

That thankes to Neptune for his clemencie,

They all adorne our royll victorie.

*Omn. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.*

*Ger. Next to th' Vspites were incamp't,*

The Tubants howering on the Mountaines side,

That if our Legions approach't the hill,

They rouled downe rocks of stone to murther them.

Vpon the hanging of the steepie Clift,

There was by nature plac'd a little groue,

But surely guarded for the Druides,

To solemnize their humane sacrifice,

As in the second cruell punick warre,

*The*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The tents of Siphax, and of Hasdruball,  
Were all enflam'd by noble Scipio,  
So by the burning of this little groue,  
The mountaine quite corsu'nd where Tubants lay,  
And they became our triumphs goodly pray:  
But in the wood that borders on the mount,  
The cruell Tigers hid their damned heads:  
The sauage Agrinarij kept their den,  
Who ranging now & therewould snatch their pray,  
Renting each ioynt, disseuering each part,  
And neuer leaue till they had found the hart.  
Not Massagetes were so cruell calld,  
Nor Babilon was ere so strongly walld:  
For since Uspeter last confusion,  
They made the sea a moate vnto the wood,  
That great Alcides would haue wondered,  
To see this Iland so enuironed.  
Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,  
Danubiaes streames swelling in proud disdaine,  
Vnto the checker of the Ocean,  
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.  
There did I make my skilfull Pioners  
To cut a trench from great Danubius,  
That this new sea which walled in the wood,  
Was now the graue of their perdition.  
For when Danubiaes streames did meet the maine,  
The sauage Agrinarij all were drown'd,  
But such as swam to vs we would not sleay,  
That they might grace the honour of our day.

*Omnis. Long liue Victorious Germanicus,*  
*Ger. Twice did we meer the Buckstars in the field,*  
And fortie thousand quite were vanquished  
Of stiff-neckt Chatri, never yet contrould,  
An hundred thousand perisht in one field,  
Not Cannas nor the fields of Pharsaliz:  
So died in bloodas was Danubius.

And

## The Tragical life and death

And which my priuate joy doth more obtaine,  
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie slaine.  
This is the Theater of Germanie,  
And these the countries which I conquered,  
Now worthie Emperour I made a vow,  
To dedicate my sword to Iones protection.  
If t' please your Maestie for to ascend,  
Vnto the Senate where *Germanicus*,  
Will all the secrets more at large disclose :  
Meane-while my followers I you dismisse,

*Exeunt the soldiers.*

And al my gracious friends with thanks I leauo,  
Vntil our Country rights we doe performe,  
Which done, *Germanicus* will soone returne.

*Omens.* Long liue the valiant *Germanicus* :  
Long liue *Victorius Germanicus*.

*Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore.* *Julia*  
*Agripina, Livia, and Caligula, at the other.* *Ma-*  
*net Nero, and Drusus Germanicus.*

*Nero.* Drusus if you had beene so valerous  
As ouer-boasting in thy bumbast tearmes,  
We might haue leald our league of amitie,  
Now with *Tiberius* colde congealed blood.

*Drusus.* And if thy bookish wisdome clarkly *Art*,  
had arm'd beene with Romane resolution,  
I tell thee *Nero* Coward as thou art,  
*Tiberius* shold not thus haue scapt our hands,  
By *Iou*. my father was his coat of steale,  
Plac'd betwixt my sword and him, or els —

*Nero.* Orels thou wouldest haue sworne,  
Volumes of six foote othes, but nere a blow.

*Dru.* Nomore, my father comes.

*Nero.* Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.

*Dru.* Why *Nero*, brother, are ye mad?

*Enter*





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

Enter Tiberius and Germanicus, Nerua, Sabinus,  
Asinius, Seianus, Piso, with other Senatours from the  
Senate.

Tib. I hope this sodaine businesse of the East,  
Doth not agrate our sonne Germanicus.

Ger. My Lord the honour of my Countries cause,  
doth counterpoize my sad affections.

Tib. Farewell my honourable gallant sonne,  
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,  
Piso farewell, remember well thy duetie,  
Once more adue my deare Germanicus,

Seia. My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,  
Your high resolues to happy victorie.

*Exeunt Tiberius, Seianus, and Piso.*

Ger. Thanks good Seianus, gentle friend farewel,  
Nerua. My Lord Germanicus I much lament,  
The strong rebellion of the Orient,  
My heart presageth what I dare not say,  
Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not stay.  
And yet I will: ah deare Germanicus!  
How doth old Nerua wish thy companie?  
And but my honour doth controule my will,  
I would Germanicus— farewel, farewel.

Ger. Nay good Coceius, stay a little while,  
To heare the last perchance I ere shall tell thee,  
So variable is the chaunce of warre.

Vnto you three the patrones of my life,  
Nerua, Sabinus, and Asinius,  
Vnto your patronage I recommend,  
My Orphant children, and my widow wife,  
Faire Agripina.  
No more my Lord, let heauens tell the rest,  
Remember your true friend Germanicus.

*They embrace, and so part.*

*Exit Coceius, and enter Piso.*

F Piso. Or

## *The Tragical life and death*

*Pis.* My Lord twere time your busines were dispatcht,

The iorney craves great expedition,  
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.

*Gra.* Nor ought you to extenuate the same,  
What though the Senate hath decreed it so,  
Germanicus shoulde giue adiew to Rome,  
Before to morrowes Sunne salute the world,  
Yet haue I some time to remaine therein,  
Which being small, that small space let me spend,  
To satisfie mine eyes with gazing on't,  
Who for these many winters haue desir'd,  
(Although in vaine) to resalute this place,  
and now no sooner resalute the same,  
But am constrained to bid it adiew,  
It may be neuer to returne againe.

*Pis.* It may be ? nay that's surē. Speaking aside.  
The Senate hath decree'd, and it must be,  
There's no resisting of necessitie.

*Ger.* Yet gentle Piso, suffer me to grieue,  
If at nought else, yet at necessitie,  
Too strickt for oueroylde Germanicus,  
Whose wearie limmes require a longer rest  
There is one daies short intermission.  
Yet were it Piso but an houres space,  
Were all my bodie brus'd with bearing armes,  
Yet would Germanicus beare it as he may,  
and rather sinke vnder his armours weight,  
Then leave to weare it in defence of Rome,  
To whome though Rome for harbour be deny'd,  
Yet hath he roome in all the world beside:  
Onely this respite, and I craue no more,  
To give my wife and Sonnes their last farewell.

*Pis.* You may, & I wil cal the presently.

*Enter Nero and Drusus.*

*Gra.* Do Piso & be honoured for this fauour.

*But*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But see thy sonnes Germanicus, thy sonnes,  
Declaring by their angrie clowded frownes,  
Some ciuill discord, or some discontentes,  
For shaine my boyes, if so a Fathers power,  
May haue predominance in sonnes dissent,  
Clearc vp those clowdie vapors of your browes,  
That threaten stornies of dreadfull discontent.  
Leaue off your ouer-daring menacis,  
and tell the cause of your dissention,  
Tell me, for I ought, must, and will know.

*Ner.* Onely this (father) caus'd our controuersie,  
Going to the Capitoll to the Tryumph,  
VVe saw a Kite vsurpe the Eagles place,  
Wherat' enrag'd, we cast our Falcons off,  
and for mine, was not of such speedy flight  
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe.

*Dru.* Patience herselfe I thinke would be enrag'd,  
To see a man so faintly Faulconer it.  
For Father, had my Brother done his best,  
VVe might haue taken downe the Haggard Kite.

*Gen.* VVhat, for so small a matter fall at oddes?  
Fie, neuer violate true Brothers loue  
By furious rages and dissentious Iarres:  
It not befits your title, nor these times,  
Sad time, wherein (perhaps) my last farewell,  
Is to be taken of my dearest Sonnes,  
Whom, if I leane distract in factious hate,  
How can I hope to bid you once farewell,  
Since faring as I see, you fare but ill?  
My time of residence is shourt in Rome,  
and yet too long, if long you disagree,  
Be reconciled therfore to your selues,  
shake hands, embrace, be friendes, forget, forgive:  
why so my Sonnes, thus should kind Brothers liue.  
Now is my heart, disburthened of great care,  
To see you my deare Sonnes accord so well,

F 2 And

## The Tragical life and death

And though I straight must part, take this fare ell  
Left with you as my testimoniall will.  
Helpe, honour, cherish, loue each other still,  
And thinke how oft you breake your amitie,  
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

Enter *Caligula* with a Racket and Tennis-ball  
in his hand.

*Calig.* Now a Gods name give me a hand Ball,  
For that a man may tosse against the wall,  
Now vp, now downe, now flic, now fall,  
Yet hath no danger therewith all.

Come brother, will you play a set?

*Germ.* Cross it to my comfort, & thy fathers grief  
Why doost thou still continew in these fits?  
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?  
Cast downe *Caligula*, cast downe thy ball. (away)  
*Cal.* Nay by Ladie Father, nay first take my life  
Take vp my ball, lay downe my Ball, tush, tush,  
To tennis with an Emperor is not worth a rush.  
Where's never a stroake but all in hazard plaide.  
No Father, ile doe with it as poore men doe.  
With great mens iniuries, put it vp till time serue.

*Ger.* Yet now at length, cease to torment my soule  
More scourg'd with sorrow to behold thee thus,  
Then Priam was to see his Illion burne.  
Oh speake like to thy selfe, speake to my ioy,  
More ioy vnto ioy-rob'd Germanicus,  
Then was the Lidian *Cressus* dombe borne Sonne,  
Stopping his Fathers execution.

*Calig.* Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no.  
What? play the blab before such company?

*Ger.* What company's heere, onely but we three.

*Cal.* Marry too many sir, by he, and he.

*Ger.* Sonnes stand aside, while we confer together

*Cal.* Nay far enough, we neede no counsellors.

*Ger.* Not





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ger.* Not on my blessing till our talke be done.

*Cal.* Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd sonne,  
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,  
Whose heilish fit hath left at length to rage,  
And plague my senses with a lunacie,  
Which hath made me to be esteem'd a foole,  
And so I am, and deeme it best be so:  
For he that would liue safe in brutish ROME,  
Father, a foolish *Bruno* must become.  
Ne blame me father, nor vpbraid me for't,  
His was by policie, mine by extacie,  
Which takes me euermore in companie.  
Nor (but coniured by your reuerend commaund)  
Could I haue halfe abstained from it thus.

*Ger.* The strangest fit that euer I haue knowne.  
Which how er'e strong, yet striue to bridle it,  
Once giue repulse and you the conquest get,  
But time cuts off our talke, my glasse is runne,  
And date of my abode is almost done,  
Say therefore how doth *Agripina* fare?

What makes her stay? how brookes she my depart?

*Cal.* Briefly to say (my Lord) with an ill heart,  
For *Lucius Piso* with this balefull newes,  
No sooner gaue her notice of your state,  
And suddaine expedition to the East,  
But as if some *Torpedo* had her toucht,  
A numming slumber rockt her sensē asleepe,  
And in a swound fell downe betweene nine armes:  
Then scarce rememb'ring how or where she was,  
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,  
And thinking me to be *Germanicus*,  
She seal'd a thousand kisses on my lippes,  
Each being steeped in a stream of teares:  
And then she sighes, and straight begins to frowne,  
Thrise she disioynd the cherries of her lips  
As if she meant to speake, and thrise she spake.

## *The Tragical life and death*

Her voyce seem'd dead in labour with her words,  
And onely rendered an abbortiu sound,  
Till thrice recall'd at length recovered,  
She sighed forth, ah deare Germanicus!  
And wilt thou then so soone? What more she said,  
Drown'd in the fluent Ocean of her teares,  
Gasped a period to her abrupt speech.

*Ger.* Ah me! and doth she still continue thus?

*Cal.* Not now my Lord; for when as this was done,  
She wackt out of her slumbering extasie,  
Receyuing refruption of her sensies,  
And then she blusht, and sight, to see her errour,  
And gan to frame excuses for her fault,  
Promising speedily to come to you.

*Enter Piso and Agripina.*

*Ger.* And here she comes. My deare *Agripina*:

*Agri.* Most deare *Germanicus*.

*Nero.* Ah! see how th' extremite of loyall loue,  
Surceedes in passions of affection,  
as it denieth passage to their speech.

*Dr.* Curst be the authors through whose occasion  
Happes the disseuering of so sweet an vnion.

*Nero.* Faine would she bid him stay, faine say fare-  
But feare and loue amaze her in misdoubt: (well,  
She doubts to stay him, fearing to offend him,  
She loues too well, too willingly to leaue him;

*Ger.* Enforc, I doome the sentence of my death,  
For can I liue if parted from my loue  
That art both essence of my loue and life?  
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,  
Ore-rul'd by too strict times necessitie,  
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell.

*Agri.* Ill fare that word farewell, since by farewell  
I fare so ill: then bid me not farewell:  
Yet wish I not thy stay my dearest Lord,

But





## of Claudius Iberius Nero.

But that you would assent to one petition.

Be not inquisitive, speake not at all,

Vnlesse when as you speake, you say I shal.

*Ger.* I shall my dearest deare, if so you shall

aske onely what shall be conuenient,

and indisparageable vnto our goodes

Which for I doubt not, speake I givē consent.

*Agr.* Then in thy little leſſe then banishment,

Refuse me not for thy companion,

and this with teares I b̄g for ratified:

Reuoke not what is promis'd, nor excuse

With arguments drawne from my sexe and life,

Too weak, too feeble, and vnsit for warre,

Or by relating all the miseries,

Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;

For all the ills that issue out of warre,

I haue them past, or passe not what they are.

Witnessse this lively Image of thy selfe,

Of whom I was deliuered in the campe,

*Bellona* was my Midwife, and my paines

Were eased by the ayer-renting sounds,

Of warlike Sackbutts, Clarions, and Drums.

*Ger.* Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leauē,

and through extremitie of passion,

You make me halfe to feare you leauē to loue:

Pardon me *Agrīpma*, if my loue

through feare to loose my loue, doth loue to feare,

For life takes life from loue, loue growes from fear,

Feare to dislike, feare to be faithlesse proou'd:

Feare for to loose himselfe from his best belou'd,

This fearing loue, and louing fearefulnesse,

Doth bind my heart, and prison vp my tongue:

Why wouldſt thou this? I know thou wouldſt it not:

From stately Rome vnto the Suns arise,

So many miles, so many mischiefs lies:

Where shouldſt thou hapleſſe me accompanie,

The

## The Tragical life and death

The mischiefe were redoubled, and one houre,  
Perhaps shold cause me die a double death.  
Once in my selfe, and ten times more in thee,  
Yet wouldest thou this? I know thou wouldest it not.

*Agr.* Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my wil.

*Ger.* Time entercepts my time, adieu,  
Deare Agripina once againe adieu.

*Piso.* The time is now expired of our stay,  
And therefore you must either now agree,  
Or Madam against your will he must depart,  
For my part I will presently depart.

*Agr.* Ah! stay a little while and I haue done. (wel

*Ger.* Madam, for all the world I dare not : fare yee

*Acri.* And is your hast so great as his my Lord?  
Must Agripina then forsake her loue?

*Ger.* Or else Gernianicus must leau his life.  
Therefore my deare, deare wife, and dearest sonnes,  
Let me ingirt you with my last embrace :

And in your cheeke impresse a fare-well kisse,  
Kisse of true kindnesse and affection loue,  
Bath'd in the licour of distilled raine,  
Which nere before dissolued into teares,  
Which falling lowly downe before your feete,  
Seeme for to beg a mutuall vnitie,

To be continued after my depart.

Which if you are resolued to maintaine,  
Then vse no dallyng protractiōns,

But now compendiously lets take our leue,

*Agr.* As wills Germanicus so must it bee,  
Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me:

Exit Agripina, Nero, Drusus, and Caligula embrase  
Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an o-  
ther doore. (tors be;

*Ger.* Deare wife, deare sons, heauens your protec-  
The Gods our guide, farewell, this way for me.

Enter





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter *Tiberius* and *Seianus*.

*Ti.* Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatcht  
With subtil *Piso* to the Orient.  
Didst thou not see with what alacritie,  
**All** the Plebeians at his triumph shewted  
At ev ery period of his pleasing song?  
How that discordant quire redoubled  
With their vntuned voyces relishing,  
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?  
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,  
**A**nd soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

*Seian.* My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,  
Speedie performance of this action,  
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,  
So coniured his traiterous resolution,  
Storing the villaine with such poysonous drugges,  
As never *Circe* nor *Aeson* knew,  
I so incenst his damn'd ambition,  
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,  
**A**dding the fauours of *Tiberius*,  
That were *Germanicus* imperious loue,  
*Piso* would poyson him to gaine my loue.

*Tib.* So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,  
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,  
Of lesser fauour, but of greater show,  
That same infamous *Tigres India*.

*Nemia* never saw a Lionesse  
Was halfe so furious as is *India*.  
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre  
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?  
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament  
To haue discarded me from regiment?  
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,  
**If** *Nero* liue, *India* shall surely die,

G

*Seia.* Then

## The Tragical life and death

*Seian.* Then Iulia make thy quicke confes-  
sion.

*Tiber.* But yet there doth remaine a corasie,  
A canker that doth gnaw my festered soule,  
Nero and Drusus yong Germanici,  
Whose youth is guided by two elder starres,  
Titius Sabinus, and Asinius,  
Were these made Counsellers to Proserpine,  
(For neither Minos nor sterne Eacus,  
Nor Rodamanthus were so iust as these,)  
Nero and Drusus might be soone entrapt.  
If that Seianus loues Tiberius,  
If euer Nero did repay his loue,  
Then see these Phosphori be made away,  
That dimme the glorie of our happie day.  
Heere take my Signet, vse what meaneſ thou  
wilt,  
Be Emperour, ſo I may haue my will,  
For euē as ſure as Nero drawes his breath,  
Asinius and Sabinus dies the death.

*Seianus.* If they did both Vlisses equalize,  
Matchles Penolepes vnmatched mate,  
And if Minerua ſhould inclow'd their thoughtes,  
As Cipria wrapther Achesiades:  
I, were Apollo their eternall friend,  
They ſhould not liue if Nero ſought their end.

*Tiberius.* Meane while, as cleare from all  
ſuſpition,  
Tiberius will leauē this wicked Roome.  
Julia, Sabinus, and Asinius  
Shall rue the absence of Tiberius. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerva, Sabinus, and  
Asinius.*

*Nerva.* Who ſees the Sunne incombred in darke  
*(cloudes.)*  
And





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And exhal'd vapours dimme the welkins face,  
Followed in pursuite with th' assaulting windē,  
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,  
And not expects a sharpe tempestuous storme?

*Sabinus.* Who viewes the troubled bosome of  
themaine,

Endiapred with Cole-blacke Porpesies,  
Prodigious Monsters, and presaging Signes,  
Markt in th' appearance of vnwonted shapes,  
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,  
and lookes not for a ciuell warre of wayles? (true

*Afinius.* Who sees the rules to bee vnfaignd  
And not prouides preuenting remedies,  
Well might hee prooue the perrill to his paine.  
The Walles once battered by the boysterous Ro  
maine,  
And open passage forced to their foes,  
Too late it is, for the engir't to plead  
In matters, where foresight might frame auaille.  
Folly it is to trust to had-iwift  
Late prouidence procures long repentance,  
And thus I quite you for similitudes.

*Nerua.* Cancell that quittance Gallus, Nerua  
knowes,  
How deepe ensearching is Afinius skill,  
But yet I wonder you will sentence it,  
Rather then to acquire the hidden sence.

*Afinius.* Sence then is hidde in those similitudes.

*Nerua.* I, such deepe sence as makes my sences  
droope;

*Sabinus.* No, sences droope where sence of il is  
none.

*Nerua.* Sharpe sence may sensure ill, all thoughts  
vnshowne.

*Afinius.* Blinde is the censure of vncertainties.

*Nerua.* I, to the eye which sees what open lyes.

## The Tragical life and death

Sabi. You speake Enigmaes, doubtful and obscure.

Neru. Yet not so darke and hard, as true and sure.

Sabi. Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.

Neru. Not Oedipus, it needes a searching wit,

A quicke conceite, an all obserwing minde,

Tis that that must explaine this hidden sence,

Such one was wont aged Asinius haue,

Such grounded wisdome reaching at conceite,

Like as the fire in chimickē distillation,

Able to seperate the ellements.

But wherefore weepes Asinius? thy griefe disclose,

Nerua will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.

Asini. Not for my selfe I shed these brinish teares.

Neru. Teares shed for Romes estate doe drowne  
mine eies.

Sab. Hard state where vices live, and vertue dies.

Ner. Witnesse the secret counsels which are kept,

Whereto no state of Senate is requested,

But olde establisht orders quite detested.

Sab. Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,

And secret factions, compleate treacheries,

Are common set abroach by each degree.

Ner. Nero hath tane adiew of stately Rome,

And poasted downe into the Countrie,

Nothing regarding his imperiall state,

And heere Seianus reuils all alone,

Free from the checke of Magistrates controule,

Commaunding all, as he were Emperour.

Sab. And with him keepes the high Augusta heere,

But to what end, the Gods alone doe know:

Who graunt that all may issue to the best.

Asin. Amen, Amen, my minde presageth ill;

And say we what we can, theile haue their will.

Exeunt Asinius, Nerua and Sabinus.

Enter Iulia and Seianus.

Iuli. And dare Tiberius worke old Iuliaes death?

Seia. Excel-





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Seia.* Excellent Lady, worthy Iulia,  
Upon mine honour Nero seekes your life.  
*Int.* And can the heauens see and not reuenge?  
Not mad Orestes *Cleomenes* traes Sonne  
Was so vnaturall as this beare-whelpe is.  
I did conceiue the villaine in my wombe,  
Which now I hate because it fostered him.  
Could I not get some Taxus to haue made,  
My wombe abortiuie, when I him conciu'd?  
Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,  
Thy first adoption by Augustus bountie?  
Caes and Lucius, thy elder Bretheren,  
One in Armenia, th' other lost in Spaine,  
And all that thou the Empire might obtaine.  
Proud Phaeton, assend thy Fathers throane,  
And rouse the frozen Serpent from his Denne.  
Father of darkenesse, Patrone of confusion,  
Reduce the *Caos* of eternall night.  
Let heaven & earth, & aire, bee brought to noughe,  
For Neroliues, and Iuliaes life is sought.

*Seia.* In vaine the furie of such idle thoughts,  
Doe but augment the habit of your passion,  
The Virgin ay're doth onely heare your moanes,  
Which fleeting takes no impression of your griefe.  
In vaine you doe implore, the sencelesse creature,  
Eor to vnbinde the chaine of constant nature.

*Int.* Scianus! wise Scianus! louely man,  
What shall I call thee to obtaine thy loue?  
And yet I know, thou louest Iulia.

*Seia.* Madam, vpon my honour I protest  
Int. Protest no more, Scianus sweare no more,  
Idoe beleue thou louest Iulia:  
And may I trust Scianus with my louer?  
*Seia.* And may you trust Scianus with your louer?  
If I had not engag'd my honours pawn,  
If I had not admired Iulia.

## The Tragical life and death

Loned Augusta more then mine owne life,  
How durst I haue disclosed Cæsars drifts,  
Broke my allegiance to my soueraigne,  
Clearing the mistie cloudes of his reuenge,  
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.

*Iulia.* Why then Seianus counsell Iulia,  
Aduide Augusta in her deepe extremes,  
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,  
For to beguile the Lion of his pray?

*Seian.* Augusta, Cæsar is your noble sonne.  
*Iulia.* I, but he seekes the life of Iulia.

*Seian.* Madam, he may be moued to pittie you;

*Iulia.* Shall Iulia then entreat degenerate man,  
That neuer knew Augustas royall spirit?  
Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,  
Or Anthonies Egyptian parramour?  
Did Philips high resolu'd Olympias,  
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,  
And shall Augusta royall Iulia,  
Crouch, beg, entreat her boy Tiberius?

*Seian.* Lady not so, Seianus will entreate.

*Iulia.* Nor thou, nor any, shall entreat for me,  
Did not I beare him? who shall beg my life?  
I shame to heare thy foolish pittyng,  
Did not we make Tiberius Fmperour?  
And can we not depose Tiberius?  
Where are those volumes of inuentions,  
Which once had residence in thy conceit?  
Those massacres and golden pollicies,  
That ore thy fortunes ever houered?  
Record Seianus all thy Chronicles  
Diuine to the bottome of thy memorie,  
And plot some labyrinth of villanie.  
Do not Seianus all in vaine contend;  
Nero, or Iulia, or both must end.

*Seian.* Royall Augusta, Iulia commaund,

The





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The vtmost that Seianus can inuent.

Madam, you know that Cæsar three dayes since,  
Remou'd his Court vnto Campania,  
Where by his Orchard—

*Iulia.* What by his Orchard? speake Seianus, speak,  
What doth the smoke of Lerna lurke thereby?  
Or Thebane Sphinx, or Memphis Crocadile,  
What Diptas, or what Monster can we find,  
But halfe so cruel in his proper kind?

*Seian.* There is a Cauē Spelunca call'd,  
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometrie,  
Whose top is wounen with a waning vine,  
The leaues of tempred plaister flagging downe.  
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:  
The ruddie clusters of the grapes appearing,  
Liuely engrauen in dependant stones,  
Neuer Mausolus, nor Amphions towers,  
Nor Asiaes immortall workmanship,  
Dianaes Temple halfe so curious,  
as this entrenched earthly Paradise.  
But which encræseth most a mazing wonder,  
With turning of one stone all fall's a lunder.

*Iulia.* What of this? what of the Cauē Seianus?

*Seian.* Here oftentimes the wearie Emperour,  
Doth banquet and refresh his troubled mind,

*Iulia.* Enough Seianus, promise to turne the stone,  
Iulia is sicke, Augusta must be gone.

*Seian.* Madam, vpon mine honour ile make him sure.

*Iulia.* Farewell Seianus, I must needes be gone.

*Exit Iulia. Manet Seianus solus.*

*S ian.* Madam farewell. Go stepdame Iulia,  
Plot with Seianus for Tiberius death,  
But first go tell the Queene of scarefull Disse,  
and read a lecture ther e of policie,  
Neuer to trust a friend in secrecie.

So then Seianus here Epitomize  
all thy deuises for to get the crowne.      Betwixt.

## *The Tragical life and death*

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are seauen lights,  
Seauen wandering planets, seauen obstacles,  
*Tiberius Cesar, and Germanicus.*  
The triple offspring of *Germanicus:*  
*Julia, Agripina, and Linia:*  
All these *Seianus* twixt thy hopes and thee,  
But for *Germanicus* hee is eclips'd,  
His Orient of honour is obscur'd,  
I hope ere this by Pisoes diligence.  
*Julia* is in her struggling agonie,  
Betwixt the poyson and concoction:  
*Drusus, Tiberius sonne, I meane to speede,*  
And make his father for to murther him,  
Euen thus the *Cause* I told to *Julia*,  
Is verie true, I doe not vse to lie,  
Not to complot the deepest villanie.  
Nor did I lie, ther's such a *Cause* indeede,  
And with one stone I can consume the worke,  
Some slender shallow polititian now,  
Would deeeme it here a point of wondrous reach,  
To murther sonne and father in this *Cause*.  
Not so, *Seianus* hath a farther scope,  
Deeper conceit, and farre more mysticalls:  
The *Cause* shall fall and yet *Tiberius* liue,  
But I will seeeme to vnderprop the *Cause*,  
With these my pillars, and beare all the loade,  
So shall I get more fauour with the Prince,  
That whom soeuer I shall countenance,  
Shall seeeme as ere repealed Oracles.  
Then will I worke this credulous conceit,  
To what impression my braine invents,  
He to Campania. Now first haue at his sonne,  
Then for himself when all my plot is done.

*Exit Seianus.*

*Enter*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter Germanicus, and Piso at one doore, Vonones and  
his sonne at the other.

Gen. Vonones though this proud rebellion  
Disturbeth the vniuersall vnitie,  
although this vtmost member of the world,  
Hath made a separation from the head :  
Though thou and thy proud sonne in daring armes  
Hauē made our Eagles sweat in thy pursuite,  
Yet know a Roman is thine enemie,  
Whose Legions farre surpassē in Chiualrie,  
The triple Phalaux of Armenia.  
Were euerie man a furious Elephant,  
Rul'd by a Castle of Numidians,  
These Germane Legions would encounter them,  
and these new squadrons out of Italy,  
Would striue with them in glorious emulation,  
Till with the spoile of vanquisht Elephants,  
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.  
Yet know my mercie farre exceeds my strength,  
an Olives branch wreath'd with humilitie.  
Shall win more fauour with Germanicus,  
Then all the Ensignes in Armenia can.  
Speake then Vonones, wile thou fight or yelde  
Von. Germanicus, as to my hostile friend,  
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,  
admires, but nothing feares thy victories.  
Except thy person, Thus much for your state.  
Germanicus, tis no rebellion,  
For to maintaine our ancestors renowne,  
It is your pride to seekc Dominions,  
Finding occasions still to conquer all :  
First Romulus encreast his Colonies,  
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,  
Within the circuit offaire Italy,  
Subiected to your Lordly Empiries

H

The

## The Tragical life and death

Then must Scicilia be your grauarie,  
Carthage be sackt for emulation,  
Spaine must find horses, France an enemie,  
Because that Brennus scal'd the Capitoll,  
Yong Philip in the second punicke warre,  
Must bereclaim'd by old Æmilius,  
Mithridates for helping Perseus,  
Must pay a ransome of all Asia  
To Taurus Mountaine; yet not so content,  
Except he yeeld vp Lissimachium,  
For him Tigranes, Ptolomie for Anthonie,  
My Grandire for great Pompeys dignitie,  
Must yeeld the title of his royaltie:  
Romanes, you wrong the world by false pretences,  
To make them al your vassale Prouinces:  
How did the Britaines wrong your Empirie?  
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians?  
What did Numidia, or what did Germanicus?  
The late Character of thy victorie.  
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld:  
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

*Excunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones and his sonne sile. Enter Germanicus and Piso.*

*Ger.* Now are these Orientall braueries quail'd  
these rauening wolvies hem'd in their lurking dens:  
Tigmenta, were it proud Babylon,  
Glew'd with Alphaltes slime impenetrable,  
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,  
Germanicus would never leaue assault,  
Till it were subiect to Germanicus.  
Sound them a parley.

*Enter Vonones as upon the waller.*

*Germanicus speakeþ.*

*Ger.* Vonones, first to thy vpbraiding taunts,  
Whic





## *of Claudius Tiberius Nero.*

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,  
Thou callest vs Romanes too ambitious,  
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,  
Proud to insult vpon Dominions,  
By faigned shew offsome receiuied wrong :  
First know Vonones that great Romulus,  
Diuinest offspring of th' immortall Gods,  
Neuer usurpt vpon his neighbour bounds,  
Without the iust occasion of reuenge :  
Witnesse the tempests of the Solines troopes,  
And Titias Titiaas doubtfull trecherie :  
Scicilia we redeem'd from seruitude,  
From Carthage bondage, whose ambitious pride,  
Fie hundred thousand slue in Italy :  
Spaine as abettors of false Hanniball,  
Subdued by Africans to our rule,  
France, Philip, Perseus, and Mythridates,  
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,  
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,  
Neuer without defiance were surprizde,  
Neuer without iust cause we them defied:  
Vonones thou dost know this to be true,  
Yet your presumption makes you all to rue.

Vono. Germanicus were all the Romane spirits,  
Imbarkt within thy royll curtesie,  
Or were thy spirit infused into all,  
Tigranocerta by the die of warre,  
Should never make my realme vnfornunate.  
Vonones would be to Germanicus  
A vassale subiect, tributarie King.

Ger. Vonones, not vnto Germanicus,  
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee:  
Ifat our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,  
Then faile to Rome, and in the Capitoll  
There reintreate great Cæsars clemencie,  
Yeeld vp thy Citie, and dismiss thy force.

## The Tragical life and death

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,  
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.

*Von.* Germanicus, how much I honour thee!  
Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,  
For know, before that tyrant shall insult  
Ouer the Armenian Orientall Prince,  
Euen by the Sun, and all his counsellors,  
The autour of our roiall progenies,  
Scale, burne, assault, batter, vndermine,  
Renue as oft your wearied Legions,  
as Polinices, or the Thebanewall,  
Nothing but death Vonones shall enthrall.

*Germ.* Then to the fight,  
and heauen I trust will ayde vs in our right.

*Germanicus and Piso scale the waller, Germanicus is repulst the first assault, Piso winneth the wall first, but is in danger by Vonones and his sonne: Germanicus rescueth Piso, Vonones and his sonne flie.*

*Che sara, sara, maugre all their force,  
Tigranocerta, is subdued to vs.  
Romanes assault the Keepe, let them not breath,  
Till with the cinders of the fird Tower,  
Your dreadfull furie cleane dissoluued be.*

*Sound a parley within.*

*Piso.* But harke, th' Armenians doe a parly craue,  
I thinke thei'll yeeld, and so our labour saue.

*Ger.* Then sound terror to their melting hearts.

*They resound a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.*

*Von.* Germanicus, and Romane conquerours,  
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,  
Vonones here vpon his suppliant knee,  
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,  
That had no sinew, had no bending ioynt,  
Herc he that never begg'd, doth now entreat

*A boone,*





## *of Claudius Tiberius Nero.*

Aboone, a glorious boone: Germanicus,  
Tis not my life: Vonones heart would break  
Before his tongue should be his Oratour.  
Tis not Captiuicie, nor Towne, nor Friendes,  
Nor Realme, nor wife, nor my posteritie,  
Germanicus, it is a boone offame  
Vonones beggs, that nere will beg againe.

*Ger.* And as I liue, Vonones shall obtaine,  
How honour crost by chance, reuiues againe!

*Vonones.* Then thus, in single combat I defie,  
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,  
This honorable challenge in the field,  
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,  
For foure and twentie houres to haue my scope;  
For to ordaine a new supply of warre.

If I be vanquish't, vse the law of armes.

*Germ.* Discend Vonones, on my honours parve,  
For to performe this resolution.

*Germanicus comes downe to the Stage.*  
Romaines, on your allegiance be gone,  
Perswasion is the fight of present death:  
I see the Garlands dangling in the skies,  
Of Coruina and Torquates victories.

*Vonones commeth downe, they fight and breake,*  
*Vonones being wounded.*  
*Von.* Curs'd bee the houre, and curs'd bee the  
Which giues the influence to my haplesse being;  
I had not deem'd that twentie thousand soules,  
Could haue ore' quelled in a single fight,  
My armour, purpled with vermillion blood,  
(More then the Scarlet blusht he maker gaue:) )  
You hel-bred furies, I plague you all in hell,  
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ. of  
Rome.

*Fight againe, and Vonones is slaine.*  
*Germ.* A noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?  
*H. 3.* Gallan

## The Tragical life and death

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,  
Too much dñe earth oppresse him not with weight  
Whose minde was elevated whilſt he liued.  
Let lillies decke his euerflowring toombc,  
And Rosets border on his wayled graue,  
Sweet Nightingales participat his breath,  
Helpē to immortallize his glorious death.

Piso and all the Romaines come downe from the  
wall to Germanicus, and Germanicus speake  
to them.

Now braue Centurions, worthy Legions,  
After the night of labour, honours day  
Bring foorth the murall Crowne and Ornaments.

Pis. Germanicus, whose head shall this adorne?

Ger. His that deseru'd it, and I deeme' twas I.

Pis. Know vny Germanicus, but it was I  
That first repulſt th' Armenians from their walles,  
First pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,  
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,  
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.  
I scald the ſconce, therefore the Crowne is mine,  
I pitcht mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments;  
And by my ſoule, and by Bellonaes night,  
Piso will haue his owne, his Crowne, his right.

Ger. Piso shall haue his owne, ſhal haue his right,  
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)  
The glorious Signet of my victorie:  
First stars ſhall turne vpon this earthly pole,  
Bound to this ſhadie Orbes circumference.  
And heardes of beasts ſhall graze on earthly paſture  
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,  
Nature turn'd topsy turvey fore that day,  
Piso my honours Crowne I haue away.

Pis. Braue! Piso will not Braue, his deeds ſhal plead

Ger. His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,  
Without ambition I pleade my right.

Did.





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did not I my selfe in th' first assault,  
Thrice change my Target ouer poy's'd with Darts?  
Did not I brandish in the second fight,  
My burning Semiter that all their eies,  
Could not endure the heate of his reflektion?  
Then in the midst of all the frontiers strength  
Hew'd me a passage to Vonones Senne,  
Whose dying Ghoast bare record of my force,  
That did dismay their power, disman their walies,  
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbard their Gates,  
And streight remounted to assault the Keepe:  
Perchance that Piso by some posterne gate,  
Crept through a meuse, & by the winding stayres,  
Panting and breathlesse, stale vp to the walles.

But I —

Pis. Nay stay Germanicus, my heart doth throb,  
Mine eare doe glowe, to heare thy brauing taunts:  
I am a Soldier, and as good as thou,  
But for the childish rumor of thy name:  
And shall I loose by these insulting tearmes  
The Crowne of honour that I haue deseru'd?  
Not one fault drop of Sweat, that I haue spent,  
But honours fountaine shall repay againe.  
Germanicus, Piso will haue his due,  
Or thou or he, this fact of thine shall rue.

Centur. My Lords, what dismal furie doth enchat  
Your noble Spirits to this mortall strife?  
The Romaine millitarie lawes enforce,  
That in these graue demaines the Soldiers quest,  
Should giue the honour by a whole consent:  
Are you my Lord Germanicus content,  
And you Lord Piso with our Romaine lawes?

Ger. Worthy Centurion with all my heart.

Pis. I must perforce, or else not haue my part,

Cent. Speak Soldiers, Piso or Germanus.

Sol. Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

Cent. Trum-

# The Tragical life and death

Centa. Trumpets, relate to heauen this Vnitie.

Germanicus setteth downe, Piso at the other end of the  
Stage, sprinkleth Powder on the Crown, and then he set-  
teth it on Germanicus his head, Trumpets sound.

Pif. I lost the Crowne, but I haue won the day,  
Long liue Victorious Germanicus.

Ger. Piso grieue not at Justice equitie,  
Mine honour's dearer Piso then my life,  
Except this grudge, Piso, I honour thee,  
Depute thee Lord Armenian gouernour,  
To grace thy vertue and reward thy paine,  
Fat well good Piso, ile to Antioche. Exit. Ger. & Sol.

Pif. I goe Germanicus but neare returne,  
That Crowne shal be the last thouere shalt weare,  
That garland decks thy speedy funerall :  
If that Germanicus passe Antioche,  
Piso's a foole, Seianus had no wit :  
That powder which I sprinckled on the leaues,  
Me of my death,him of his life bereaues. Exit Piso.

Enter Tiberius Solus.

Tib. I am dispos'd to meditate alone,  
Here in my Orchard, let none dare trouble me :  
These Poppies too much aspire, they are too high,  
I must needs make them headlesse for their pride,  
And sure their seede, would breed a deadly sleepe,  
Should I not crop them, in their flowring prime :  
These marigolds, would follow with the Sunne,  
If I should suffer them to sprout on high,  
But ile confine their stature to my measure :  
So will I doe with all competitors.  
Here's an olde roote doth hide the rising plants,  
And that doth make me thinke on Iulia,  
Where is Seianus, that incarnate diuell,  
Hath he not ended yet my greatest euill?  
I doe misdoubt the Villaine, oh the slave !

He





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He may bewray me to the Senators;  
He may disclose me vnto Iulia;  
He may discouer me to Germanicus:  
He may doe what he will, to seeke my end.

*Exit Tiberius.*

*Enter the Ghost of Germanicus.*

*Ghost.* Ingratefull Nero, and ingratefull Rome,  
Vnto the merrits of Germanicus,  
Reuenge my causelesse wrongs, great Proserpine,  
Who murthered was by hatefull treacherie.  
Me thinkes I am a man, and now could rauie,  
That nere before did know what anger ment.  
This murall crowne wrought my vntimely death,  
By Pisoes enuie, and Tiberius pride,  
Germanicus, poore soule doe not complaine.  
For prayers cannot thy life restore againe,  
I will goe see my Children and my wife,  
That I may thinke on them in this new life.

*Exit Ghost.*

*Enter Agripina at one doore, Drusus and Nero at the other crying out, as from their Beds.*

*Ner.* My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.

*Agr.* My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.

*Dru.* My father, my deare Lord Germanicus,  
Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,  
Fie sluggish Brother, draw thy balefull sword,  
Mother, sling wilde fire at the Crockadile,  
For nothing else can peirce his brazen skales.

*Agr.* Drusus, what spirit doth disturbe my Sonnes?

*Dru.* Mother, me thought I saw Martichora,  
The dreadfull hiddeous Egyptian beast,  
Horrid and rough slimy and terrible,  
Fac'd as an Hidra like some vnquoth man,  
Whose ears hang drayling downe vnto hir feete,

I Sweeping

## The Tragical life and death

Sweeping the loathsome soile with greediness,  
Fang'd with three Iron grates of steely tuskes,  
Wall eyed, with colour steep't in deepest bloud,  
With Lyons clawes, and Scorpions poysonous sting  
Wouen in Gorgia; hundreth thousand knots,  
His iournuring sound, mixt of two Symphonies,  
Rebellowed twixt a Flute, and trumpets sound,  
That seem'd the world with roring to confound.  
By him me thought I saw a gallant beast,  
**A princely Lyon, crown'd with honours meede,**  
At which this vgly Monster wrought amaine,  
For to defeate the Lyon of his pray,  
But all in vaine, till this deceitefull beast,  
Belcht foorth an ayrie death, infecting breath,  
At which me thought the Lyon vanished.  
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,  
Plac'd in his roome by this beast perrished:  
Twice thus I dream't, and still my thinkes I dreame,  
But mother, what did yout affrighting meane?

*Agrys.* Oh Sonne! I dream't that in the azure skye,  
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did striue,  
One darted ray es, th' other rainebowes made:  
One suckered plants, the other moou'd the fire:  
One shining, tother dimme: one true, tother false,  
And in this discord all in heauenly motion,  
The hoast of starrie cloudes did hide the ayre.  
These hideous monsters met in furious rage,  
As if the world had beeene dislevered.  
Like when a Whale runs in the boysterous maine,  
Seeming to shoulder all the yeelding waues,  
So by contrition of this dawning night,  
The Axeltree of heauen did seeme to mooue:  
From whence, as from an anuile seem'd to streame,  
**A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,**  
Which rendring passage to the Orient,  
Seem'd for to night vpon Germanicus.

This





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

This frightened Agripina in her Dreame,  
But Nero what did thy vpstarting meane?

*Nero.* My thought I sawe a snowy e milke white  
Encountring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan  
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,  
The Storke was succoured by a neighbour Crane,  
The Swan reliued by a dunghill Cocke,  
All ioyne in battaile, all to furious.

But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue;  
Or other fate, the Swan and gallant cocke,  
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkasse of the Storke;  
All which seem'd pleasing to my slumbring fence,  
But all too rufull that which after fell,  
Fell discord twixt the Swan, and Cocke arose,  
The peerelesse Swanne was worthy Conquerour,  
But yet alas the gallant Cocke.—

*Enter Maximus a messenger from Germanicus, he knocketh at the doore.*

But who disturbes vs at this time of night?  
Where is the Porter with the Citties watch?

*Max.* Open, ah open vnto Maximus.

*Dr.* The faithful Maximus, God send good newes.

*Enter Maximus.*

*Agr.* Too much I see, I dare not heare the rest,  
And yet I will: nay farewell Maximus,  
I will not feare, yet feare comes against my will,  
Mine eares are stopt, how doth Germanicus?

*Max.* O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurſſe,  
Nere taught this dolefull Engine for to speak;  
Then should my soule in mourning silence groane.

*Agr.* Ah deere Maximus by all that ere was deare  
Within thy trustie heart, make no delaies,  
Tel Agripina: rid her of her feare,  
My heart is hardned euē the worſt to heare. (Rome

*Max.* Then Madam ſithence we left this ſtately  
Proud

## The Fragigall life and death

Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.  
My Lord first sayled to Brandusium,  
So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.  
From thence to Ephesus, from Ephesus  
To Lissimachium we bent our course,  
Thence to the mountaine Taurus marcht by land,  
Shelving on which we coast Armenia,  
and in her firtill bowels pitcht our Tents.  
Vonones three leagues off displaide his flag,  
The scarlet Ensigne of his bloody minde,  
There like two heards of Lyons, we inaug' d  
Our squadron to their Phallax, to their darts,  
Our slings : against their Cammels, all our horse.  
Betwixt our armies Tigris swiftly ran,  
and there within a league on our right hand,  
A deepe-delu'd Cau'e, (fit ambush to intrap)  
All vaulted with a young disprayed groue.  
Here with five hundred foot-men light of armes,  
My Lord did place me till he gaue the signe :  
So in the heate our Legions seem'd to flye,  
Till all Vonones armie past the floud,  
And in pursuite of our supposed flight,  
There all enuironed with hidden tropcs,  
That saw Vonones and his fierie Sonne.  
And some few more, which them accompanied,  
We made an ende of this rebellion.  
Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,  
And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,  
In single combat, slew their gouernor.

*Ag.* Ah my deare Lord ! how fares Germanicus ?  
*Max.* I, that's the dismal newes I haue to tell,  
Leaving the Orient thus in settled peace,  
And Pilo Pretor of Armenia,  
We marched to the Cittie Antioche,  
Whereas my Lord had heard were Christians,  
Iudeian Priestes, the which did magnifie,

An





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

An vndeowne God, in dayly pietie.  
Before the Cittie grew a Cipresse Groue,  
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,  
Where Gasty Screech-owles hold their residence,  
True Prodigies, offatall miseries.  
about the midday of Antipodes,  
When our Horrizon was benum'd with sleepe,  
a furie and a passion both at once,  
Began surprize my Lord Germanicus. (*her Sons.*)

*Agr.* O heauens! — *She fainteth and is upheld by Dru.* Mother you promis'd for to heare the worst  
and can you not indure the first assault?

*Agrip.* Yes Maximus, tell out the dyreſt wo,  
My hart conceiues more griefthen thou canſt ſhew  
*Max.* What time the liuing diall of the night,  
His firſt alarum, rang to Cipria,  
Gall of my ſoule, I ſaw that woeſfull ſight,  
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meckely lay,  
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,  
Doth gnaw the earth, in fernesſe of his minde,  
Grudging ſorrow but diſdaines to moane,  
Or rorc in torment of his agonie,  
So lay Germanicus in grieuous paine:  
Yet griefe from outward ſhew did much reſtraine,  
But feeling that his ſpirits gan to faile,  
and vitall pulses leauē their motion,  
He cald for Plato, and there two houres red,  
Of the immortall eſſence of the Soule,  
So conſtant in his ſoules Diuine releueing, (*wing*  
That griefe even grieu'd herſelfe, for him not grie-  
Then to his friendes, he gaue this laſt farewell,  
Deare friendes, and worthy countrymen adiew,  
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,  
By fates Eternall hand beene catchit from earth,  
I might accuse the Iuſtice of the Gods:  
But ſince by Piso, and his poysonus druggs,

I 3 Germa-

## *The Tragical life and death*

Germanicus is lost; reuenge my death.

*Agri.* Enough, too much: O I can beare no more,  
Good Nero goe, run to Sabinus house. (*Exit Nero*)  
And treate him come, and comfort thy sad mother,  
Drusus goe thou vnto Asinius lodge, (*Drusus*)  
And woee him hether to thy sorowing Mother. *Exit*  
But was my Husband poysoned by that slau'e ?  
O Monstrois hell-hound of ambition !

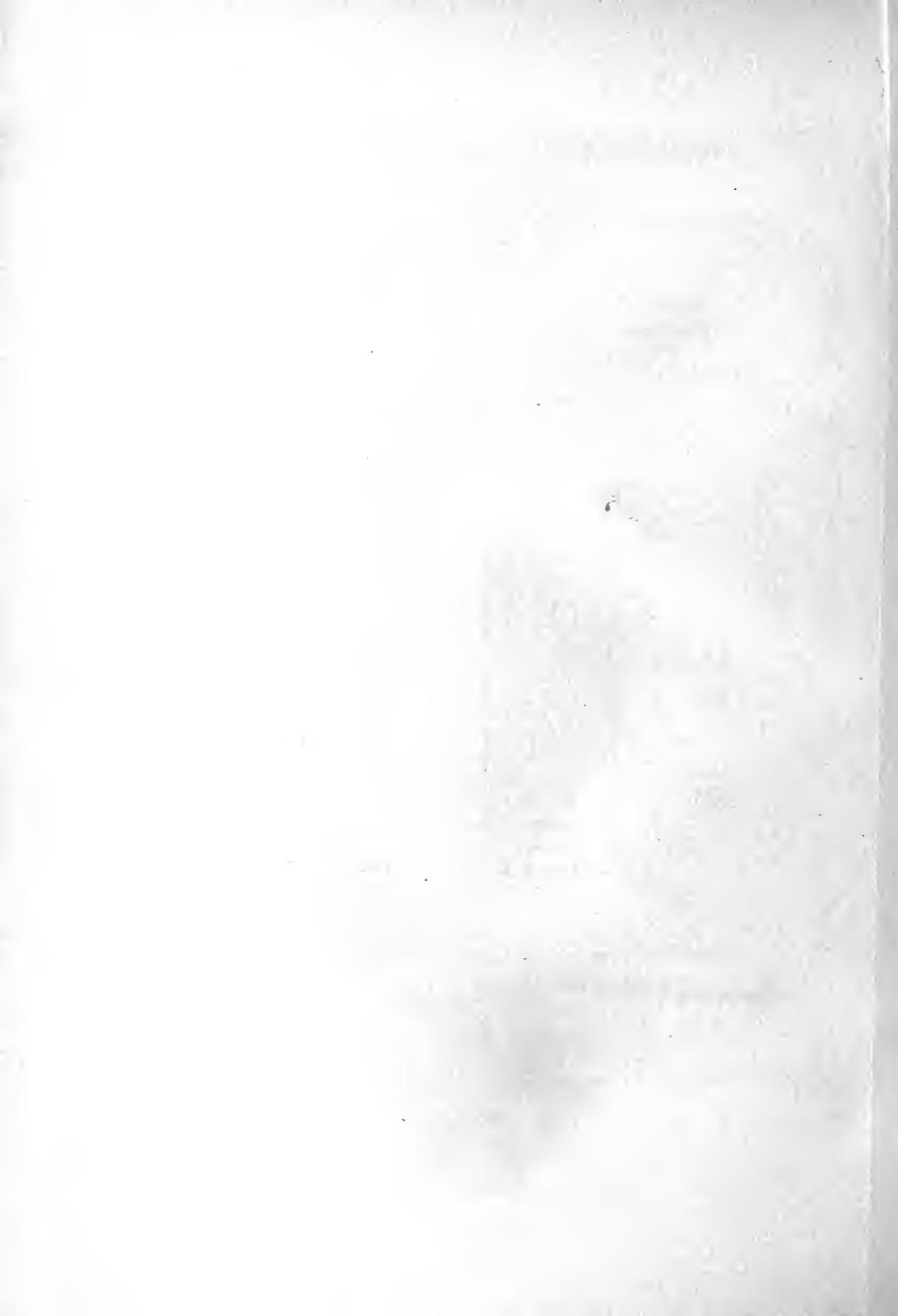
*Mar. Noman* could proue it, but it was surmis'd,  
Both by the dying words of my deare Lord,  
And by the suddaine swelling of his head,  
That like a snow white Leaper was desilde.  
As by the heart of great Germanicus,  
Whose body being burnt, that yet vntoucht,  
A certaine note of poyson still remain'd,  
Which I embalmed wit: Arabian spices,  
Mixt with the ashes of my dearest Lord:  
Haue in this Allablaester box preseru'd,  
The onely Relique of this Tragedie,  
Which to you worthy Ladie I present,  
Yours it was liuing, yours it must be dead.

*Agrip.* I had it liuing, and must haue it dead,  
all may be fall that must necessarie.  
Flye liuing soule, into this lustlesse heart,  
That it may animate my greater part.  
Or else (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye  
That here my breathing soule may tombed be.  
Mine eyes shall drizell down Arabian mirrhe,  
To garnish all Armenian infections  
Or falling from my eye-balles couered be,  
With this faire couer of sad miseries.  
I must needes looke vpon this last reliefe,  
Which swels, as being angry for my griefe.  
Ah my Germanicus ! thus to hold thy heart,  
Yeldes me no comfort, but augments my smart.

*Nero returneth.*

*Ner. Mother*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ner.* Mother, Sabinius some two houres since,  
Is gone to visite faire Elizium.

*eAgri.* What to thy Father my Germanicus?

*Drusus returneth.*

*Drus.* Mother, Asinius Gallus very weake,  
Expectes the fatall houre of his death,  
Phisitians tell him he is poysoned.

*eAgrip.* Too much my Sonne, great sorrow still is  
dumbe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers.*

1. And is it true, did Piso poyson Germanicus?  
*Sold.* True, I as true as this is an Armenian Louse,  
that bit me by the backe, & I am sure I carried none  
out of Rome with me: for his head sweld, his hayre  
would not burne, and hee dyed in a furie, and we al  
know that Piso had mortall hatred against him  
because he wold not let him haue his mural crowne.

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germanicus!  
the very hūnisuckle of humanity, & the Ma-  
ry-gold of magnanimitie: Piso is not to be cōpared  
to him, Piso noe, he is to him(euen in the creame of  
his nature) the verie lees of licentiousnes, the Veriu-  
ice of villany, the very excrement of euil, & which  
is more, he had no reason to poyson him.

3 Good Germanicus, oh when shall I make thee  
an other payre of bootes that would euen smile whe  
they shold come vpon his legges? O I shall never  
make such merrie bootes againe, for all the drie lea-  
ther in my shop I warrant will weep intirely whe  
they heare this newes.

*Sol.* Consent to me, Piso will be heare presently  
(he thought to haue beene heere before vs) consent  
to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

1 Agree'd, and lets rost him in his skinne, as you  
rost a Cat.

*e* Nay, lets drownē him aliue, or else bury him

*Sold.* Nay,

# The Tragical life and death

Sold. Nay, will you all keepe touch, and weeles  
teare him ioynt by ioynt when wee haue got him,  
therefore stand close, for I haue his horse neigh, the  
Asse will be heere presently.

Enter Piso.

Pif. Haile Mother Rome.

Sol. I, stormes of vengeance on thy cursed head,

1. Where is Germanicus? speake!

2. Speak! what hast thou done with Germanicus?

Pif. I cannot tell.

All. But wee will make thee tell.

They drag him in, and enter againe with his lims in their  
hands, they shout and cry. (Lord

Omnes. Thus haue we sent reuenge to our deare

Thus haue we sent Germanicus reuenge.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Tiberius and Scianus out of the Caue.

Tibe. Scianus.

Scia. My Lord.

Tibe. Ho Scianus.

Scia. Here my gracious Lord.

Tibe. A plague vpō him, that first made this Caue  
It was not sumptuous, not faire enough

To be the Tombe of a liue Emperour.

Thankes to my Genius, and thy prouidence,

That hath defended me from farther ill,

And yet my shoulders feele the heauie loade,

Sirra a brush.

Vanish the monuments of antique worldes;

Mew'd in external silence be obscured,

Not Thesius loue vnto Perrithous

Not Alexanders to Hæphestion,

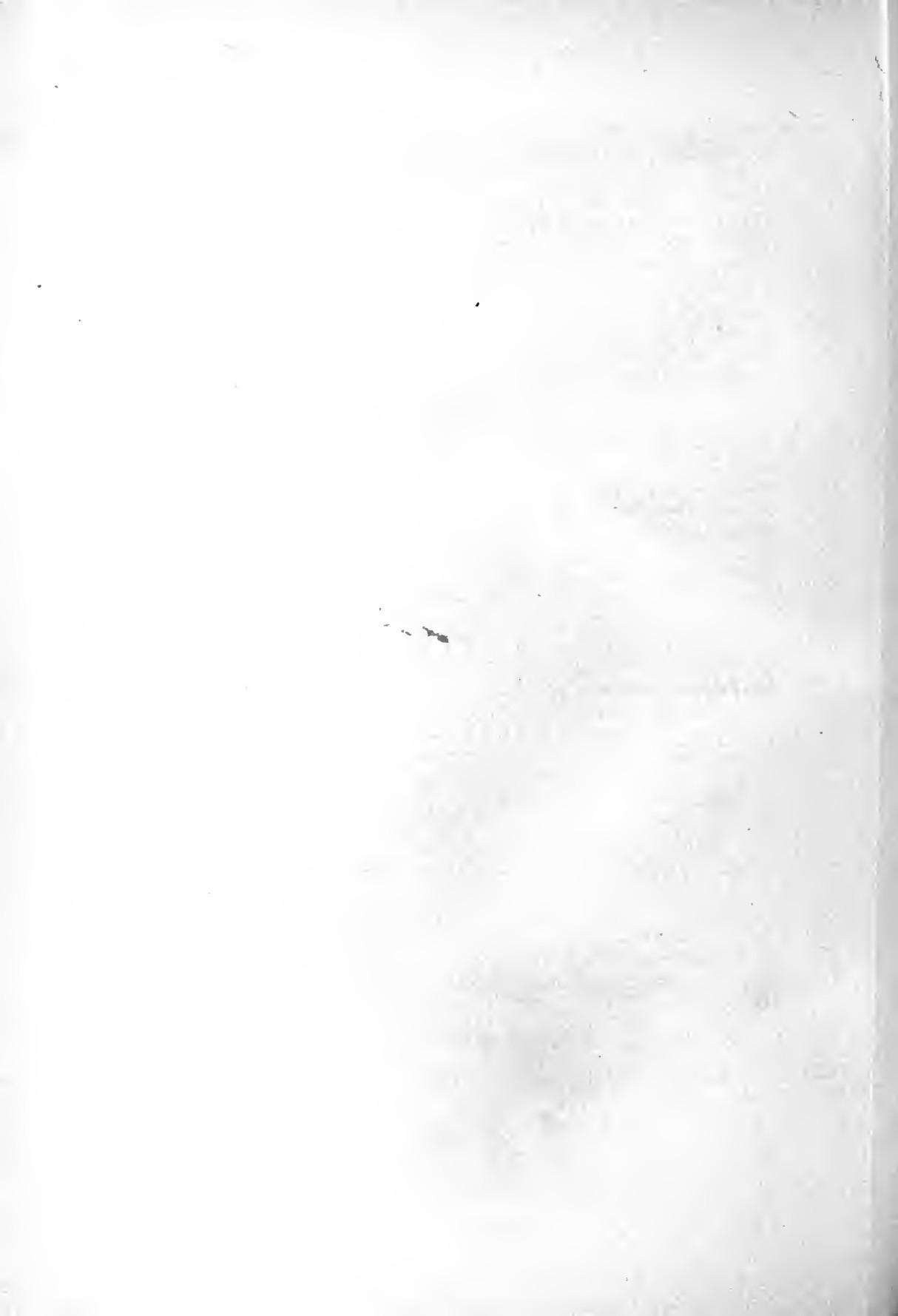
Nor the two Bretheren of Paris sworne,

That in eternall courses scale the heauens,

Did euer manifest such demonstrations,

OF





## of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

Of faith vnfaign'd, and more then Turtle-doue,  
Saued my life, now by my Geneus  
If all the world were ten-times multiplied,  
And one of them were made of massie gold,  
Enameled with Pearles and Diamonds,  
Emboſt with Iasper and Alites vertue:  
Yea were all theſe imaginarie worlds,  
Vnder Tiberius his dominion,  
This world, this rough-cast world with precious  
Should be the guerdon of my ſained life.     (Items)  
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,  
To counter-ballance ſuch a faithfull minde.

Seian. Most gracious Cæſar mightie Emperor,  
Had Pellion and Cossa beene conioy'd,  
Had mounting Tenarūs with the ſnowie Alpes,  
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Caue,  
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)  
Haue beene embowell'd in this earthie hell,  
To ſauē the life of great Tiberius.

Tib. Now haue I tried the trunesse of thy ſtampe,  
Bith' touchſtone of this late oppreſſion,  
Nero repayes thy loue with vſurie,  
But by my Geneus how this ſuddaine feare  
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care:  
Tell me Seianus, how fares Iulia?

Seia. My Lord ſhe doth cōmend her to your grace  
But very weake vpon a ſurfeſt taken.

Tib. As how Seianus? old folkes vſe good diet.  
Seia. And ſo did ſhe my Lord, at ſupper time  
She tooke a ketnell of restorative,  
In a Pomgranate, which did ſo preuaile,  
As that left her ſicker with her Phisicke:  
Asinius and Sabinus her deare friends,  
From that Apothecarie did receiue,  
The like restorative with like effect:  
And then I poaſted to your Maieſtie.

K

Tib. Iulia

## The Tragical life and death

Tib. Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius,  
For each a teare, so to Elizium.  
But what Seianus note I in thy face?  
The seale of feare though well dissembled,  
Are they not all dispatcht why dost thou feare?  
*Seian.* Vpon mine honour all are perished. (soules)  
Tib. What doth thy conscience then disturbe thy  
What meanes the carelesse rowling of thine eyes?  
Thy louing sorow, foulding of thine armes?  
Thy sudaine sighs, thy wauering countenances?  
Now all thy blood doth ebbe into thy heart,  
Now all thy blushing visage ouer-flowes,  
Speake my Seianus, fauer of my life,  
And by my Geneus thou shalt obtaine.  
*Seia.* Feare and allegiance, dutie and affection,  
Honour and pittie, loyaltie and loue,  
Raise mutuall tumults in my clouen heart.  
Tib. Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,  
The mutinous dissencion of thy feare.  
*Seian.* May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.  
Tib. Let Cæsar know, least Cæsar feare in vaine.  
*Seian.* What if my Lord it do concerne my hurt?  
Tib. Yet tell to Cæsar who can cure thy hurt.  
*Seia.* I am perswaded that it is but forg'd.  
Tib. Well, howsoeuer I commaund thee shew.  
*Seia.* Faulter my tongue thou dolefull instrument,  
Infortunate to tell so bad a storie.  
Pardon my Lord.  
Tib. Seianus I commannd.  
And by my Geneus I will be obeyed.  
*Seia.* Then heauens beare witnes what I do record  
Comes of no malice nor ambition,  
For of mine honour I do thinke it forg'd.  
My Lord, since you lay in Campania,  
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,  
That you will neuer backe retурne to Rome,  
I could





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I could not gesse on what presumption:  
But when I first assualted Iulia,  
And she had swallowed vp the poysonus baight,  
Faith then in loue vnto her Ladiship,  
I told her that your grace did seeke her death.  
Not Menus with the frantike dames of Thrace,  
(That in their Dionisian sacrifice,  
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)  
Raued like Iulia in her passion.

*Tib.* O how it doth me good to heare her mad!  
*Seia.* May it please your Maiestic to giue me leaue  
Here to set downe a dolefull period.

*Tib.* No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.  
*Seia.* After the furie, anger tooke her thrones,  
Like a fierce Lion chaff to seeke reuenge,  
When wooing me with many honie words,  
Of good, and wise, and friend, and debonaire,  
Idle synonimies of womens wit,  
She all to prayed my constant secrecie  
And I to heare the sumniall exigent,  
Swore never to reueale her policie  
Whilest Iulia and Seianus both should liue.  
And I haue kept my promise with her to.  
Then did she seeme to woee me with her lookes,  
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,  
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.

*Tib.* If thou concealest but one sillable,  
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.

*S. s.* My Lord, great Iulia said she would preuent  
Tiberius in his Tygers cr ueltie:  
She swore my ayde, she swore my secrecie,  
Adding a gift to euerie worde she spake:  
This Ring, this Signet of Augustus Armes,  
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,  
Yet Iulia you know my Lord was wise,  
And all may be but forged policie:

## The Tragical life and death

She said how she deuised had the plot,  
In this Campanian ceession:

(Oh Gods forfend) to end Tiberius daies?

Tib. Tis well Sejanus shee's—but proceede.

Seia. The day before the blustering Ides of March  
Which as I take it, this day is expired.

(That made me poste so hastyly from Rome)

On this same fatall day olde Iulia swore,

Hir Sonne Tiberius should be poysoned.

But by whose means, my Lord I must conceale,  
For of mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. Conceale a Traytor, and my guard shal lop  
Thy ioynted car-kasse: goe too tel me all.

Seia. Why then my Lord, imagine all is false,  
And what I say, is all but counterfaite.

Doe not conceive that Druus your deare sonne,  
Aspires to be a present Emperour:

Believe not that this day he makes a feast,  
Where mighie Cæsar should be poysoned.

Thinke not that Spado that Twig soone bent to fl.  
Is now corrupted to performe the act,

Who tasting first vnto your Maiestie,  
With a Vine-branch ensouled on his arme

Will squeeze in poysonous drugs to slay my Lord,  
Imagine this to be a lying dreame,

Though Iulia swore and vow d it should be so,  
And made great ioyance, that it should be so;

Believe it not surely she said not true,  
For on mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. No, no, Sejanus, I haue well obseru'd,  
The haughtie stomacke of th' affiring Boy,

But Ile pull downe his lofty crested plumes,  
And teach him homage to his soueraigne.

How dare the stragling elfe, once looke on mee,  
And not be turn'd into an Aspen leate,

To tremble at each brea,hed fallable?

Seia. Be





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Seia.* Be patient good my Lord, perhaps tis false:  
Or be it true, a who would once conceiue,  
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts?  
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,  
Forgiue Phraates his rebellious Sonne?  
Did not Iugurthus father, often checke  
His high aspiring thoughts? yet him forgauē:

*Tiber.* Talke offorgiuenesse in some peticke Kings  
Not in the state of mightie Emperors,  
This day he doeth prouide Thyestas feast,  
And bids his father to the bloody cates.  
Perswade me not, Seianus I will goe,  
I haue already promis'd him to come,  
And if the villaine offer me these drugs,  
He make him swill the cup, I should carouse.

*Enter Spado toward them.*

But heere comes Spado his fine instrument,  
See where his Garland is, ile stab the Slave.

*Seia.* No good my Lord, how can youthen inquire  
The chatefull Treasons of your wicked Sonne?

*Tib.* Tis true Seianus, I will hold my hands.

*Seia.* Oh how I fear'd I should haue beeene betraied  
Spad. Euer Augustus! Drusus roiall banquet,  
Requires the presence of Tiberius.

*Tiberi.* Spadowe come.

They draw aside the arras, and banquet on the stage,  
Spado presteth to Tiberius, and after injesth the poysen.

*Spa.* My Lord, yong Drusus wifeth happinelle,  
To Nero Cæsar in this Cup of wine.

*Tiberi.* Drusus die thou begin vnto Tiberius.

*Dru.* My Lord may't please you here is other wine.

*Tiberi.* But taste of this my Sonne, I'm surc tis good.

*Dru.* Here is the like my gracious Lord beside.

## The Tragical life and death

Tiber. It may be like, but not so altogether.

Drus. Tis of the same.

Tiber. Well, please my humor Sonne.

Drus. Why good my Lord.

Tiber. By loue ile haue it so. He drinkeſt and falls downe, Scianus ſtabbeth Spado.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Where is the Emperour? Augusta is deade.

Tib. Goe tell that newes to Proſerpine. ſtabs him.

Another Meffenger.

Mef. Where's Cæſar? great Germanicus is dead.

Tiber. Command me to Gerimanicus. ſtabs him.

Another Meffenger.

Mef. Where's Nero, Piso is by the Plebeians ſlaine

Tibe. Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his flesh and thiinc. ſtabs him.

Another.

Meff. Where is Tiberius? where is Cæſars gracer Alinius and Sabinus both are dead.

Ti. Go greet the both thus frō Tiberius. ſtabs him. How now what newes bringſt thou? ſpeak villain ſpeake.

Seianus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Seianus cryeth out, and Nero ſtareth on him.

Seia. No newes my Lord, I am Seianus I, I ſau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus.

Tib. Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend, The headlong furie of a troubled ſoule, I dare not trust my ſelfe to ſee my Sonne.

O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented! Sejanus I must ride in poſte to Rome, To reigne the furie of the common heard, See these foulc carкаſſes be buryed.

Goe to Sejanus, when I haue my will. He ſpeaketh Ille make thee Patterne of thy Villaines. this aside.

Meane





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Meane while I will to Rome to finde the bookeſ,  
Augustus wrote and left with Iulia. *Exe Tiberius.*  
*Sesa.* Why this is well, Germanicus is gone  
With Iulia and with Drusus into hell.  
Follow Sejanus, Noe : thy wits I meane,  
Alas poore Drusus, troth I pittie thee,  
And Spado too, me thinkes now I could weepe,  
But that it is too womanly : this chopping boy  
Whome I corrupted for this Stratageme,  
I did him a great fauour, had he liued  
Tiberius would haue had him tortured,  
Hang'd by the Nauell for confiſion.  
Drusus, for thee, I could haue wifht thy life,  
But reason didin force thy destinie.  
First that thou wert heire to Tiberius :  
Next an obſeruer of my ſecrecies,  
Thirdly thy Liua, that Queene of beautie,  
The eldest Daughter to Germanicus,  
Sejanus ſecret friend, thy ſecret foe,  
Next to Germanicus, heyre to the Crowne,  
Thy ſometime, now my wife, if heauens agree,  
To make me heire vnto a Princes Throne,  
Nay more, an Empyre thus ſhall be mine owne:  
Fourthly the blow which I receiu'd in peace,  
Vntill reuenge might ſatisfie my will:  
All theſe, or any were ſufficient :  
I am ſorry, I haue vs'd thee too too well,  
Now to the ſumnie, of all my foes are left:  
Tiberius Cæſar, with him Agripina,  
Nero and Drusus the Germanici.  
Then thus the fierce enrag'd Germanici,  
I will iuſtice againſt Tiberius.  
As the ſole agent in their fathers death,  
Shew them the fauours of the Senators,  
The Plebeians harts inchain'd to their becketes,  
Faire baites for to allure their young conceitcs.

Rebellion

## The Tragical life and death

Rebellion Ile intitle honourable,  
And if that we obtaine the victorie  
As I haue bound them Legions to mine hoast,  
Then will I haue my spies, my fawning Curs,  
My hireling hell-hounds in the battailes heate,  
To murther both the yong Germanici.  
Tiberius vanquisht, and these made away,  
Cæsar Seianus, Empresse Liuia. Exit Seianus.

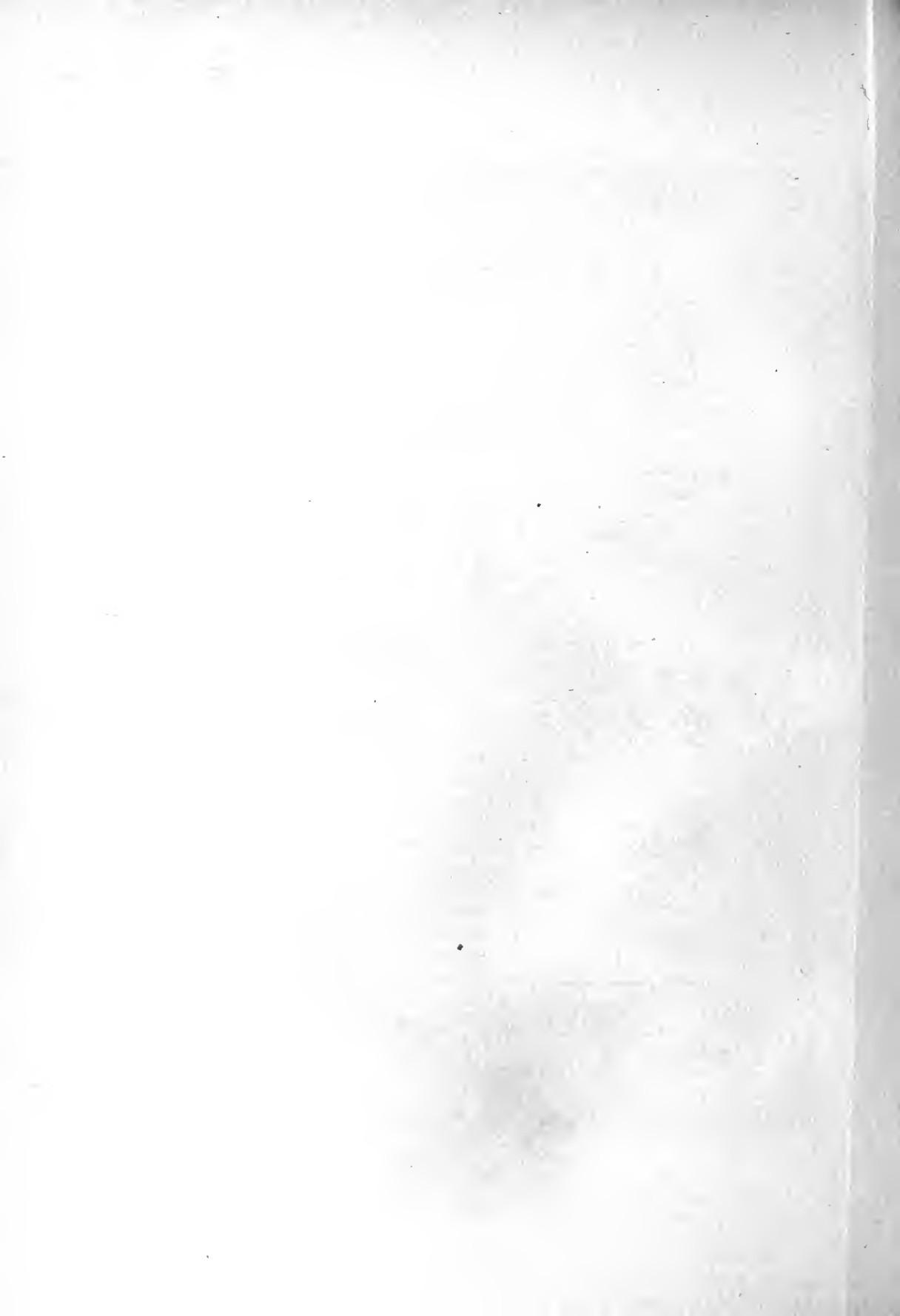
*Enter Caligula solus.*

Calig. Now pleasured by fit occasion,  
Poure forth the treasures of thy inward thoughts,  
Which too too long haue beene imprisoned,  
Now muse on Roimes ensuing miseries,  
Tiberius treasons, and thy fathers death,  
Thy brothers danger, and thine owne contempt,  
And musing, meditate vpon reuenge,  
Banish harts quiet from thy sleeping thoughts,  
Vntill thy thoughts be satisfied with blood.  
Nero I come, inspire me iustest rage:  
And Rome shall tremble at Caligula. Exit Calig.

*Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Drusus Germanici.*  
Seian. Nero, Drusus, Drusus, Nero, both are one,  
Or one or both, for both I know are one:  
And what I speake to one I speake to both.  
Nay, heare me out for what I speake is true,  
Piso did poysone great Germanicus  
Your father, Neroes sonne and my good Lord,  
I, by Tiberius pollicie,  
Lo here the pardon made for Piso drawne,  
Which Iulia dying did to me cominend,  
What shall I speake to moue you to reuenge,  
The Senat is deuoted to your stocke,  
The common people in softmurmuring,  
Like Bees doe seeke the honie of your Hives,  
What if some Waspes doe moue Tiberius?

I haue





## of Claudioſus Tiberius Nero.

I haue a swarne maugre these lazie droances :  
I haue the Legions at Scianus becke,  
And for my ſake, and ſpecially for yours,  
I know they will euibrate all their force,  
Besides the honour of your Countries good,  
Exile the tyrant, ſo did Caſſius,  
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,  
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,  
The Senators, and the Plebians:  
If all may moue you, courage noble hearts ;  
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,  
Romanes haue valiant and vndaunted minds.

*Nero.* Brother a word with you: — *Takes him aside*  
*Seia.* I go, consult, whilſt I centuriate  
A thouſand nets to catch ſuch tender fooles.

*Nero.* Drufus how doſt thou like Scianus gesture?  
*Dru.* Faith like his words, for both are counterfeſet.  
*Nero.* Vpon my life Tiberius ſent the ſlave.  
*Dru.* Tis ſo by Ioue, tis ſo, looke brother, ſee  
How the damn'd villain fleares, & laughs, & lowres  
Wele first begin with him, & the for Nero: *They be-*  
*Nero.* Brother content, and now be reſolute, *gin to*  
But here comes Julius Celsus, hold thy hand. *draw.*

*Enter Julius Celsus.*

*Celsus.* Flie, flie Scianus, Julius bids thee flie:  
Nero hath found thy death in Iuliaes house,  
Imane, the cauſe of death, thy trecheries,  
The letter that thou ſent'ſt to Liuia:  
Away, ſhift for thy ſelfe, and ſo will I. *Exit.*  
*Seia.* Hath he found that? Scianus curſe thy ſelfe,  
The lower world, and the highest heauen.  
That he hath found them; die, conſume, and burne.  
I heare the noife of horſes, they are here,  
A plague vpon them all, then here away. *Exit.*  
*Nero.* Brother away, tis time we may ſuſpeſt. *Exeunt*

*Scianus looks in at the doore, and ſpeakeſt.*

**L**

*Seia.* Hell

## *The Tragical life and death*

*Sei.* Hell yawne and swallow them: that way I am  
This way the dogs wil bark, & so betray me: (stop,  
The geese will gaggle, if I flie this way.  
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound the:  
Oh for the seauen-way house of Hannibal!  
Sejanus kill thy selfe, oh no I dare not,  
Would I were an Asse to beare: so I am.  
I am not: I flie, I dare not: I cannot, I must. *Exi.*

*Enter Tiberius with his guard pursuing Seianus.*  
*Tib.* Hast for your liues, seeke, search, enquire, stop  
Misdoubt, examine, spie, wach, haue a care, stay,  
And if he passe, not one of you shall scape  
Th' extreameſt tormentſ that I can inflict.  
Poast poast, away ſome to the Capitoll,  
Some to port Esquiline, mount Pallatine,  
Watch, watch the ſtreedes, the Drufian ſtreedes,  
Hie to the Altars, the Agerian wood:  
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,  
Some where, any where, every where, away, away.

*Enter Seianus: the guard beſets all the doores, he draweth and proffereth to come diuers wayes: at laſt ruffeth on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.*  
*Seia.* Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:  
here ſwallow vp a liuing ſacrifice,  
Grac'd with an Heccatcombe of slaughtered ſlaues,  
Hold ſword Sejanus barters death for death.

*Ti.* So, bind the traitor fast in Iron chaines,  
Now ſlaue of honor, ground of Infamie,  
Obloquies ſubject, and faire dealings shame,  
Nay heare me villaine, for thou muſt, and ſhalt.  
*Seia.* Muſt, ſhal, and will, for I am bound to doe it.  
*Tib.* I, and to beare what euer I inflict.  
*Sei.* Strik quickly, & ſtrike home, I wait the ſtroke  
And I haue embrac'd the iuſtice of the law.

*And*





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

And neuer grieue to droune it in my blood;  
So that the streamie spirits that ascend,

Were of sufficient force to strangle thee:

Tib. Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee!

Seia. I craue no pittie, neither feare thy pride,  
Whose pittie onely serueth for a truce,

To leuie new supply of tyrantie.

Tib. The man begins to play the Orator,  
Get him a Throne to gracie his eloquence.

Seia. This kind of curtesie I will accept.

Tib. Yet shall you not performt except I will:

Sei. If Tygers issue thou shouldest cut our my tung  
And rob my thoughts of their Ambassador,  
The boundlesse Ocean of my swelling thoughts,  
(Enraged with the malice of my heart)  
Would overflow my breasts immuring bankes,  
To make relation of thy villanie.

Tib. Oh terrible reuenge, intollerable.

But I shall vndergoe it as I may,  
And here and there still as you glaunce at me,  
But touch a little your owne villainies,  
And therein play the true Historian.

Tut, courage man, why dost thou not begin?

Seia. Bidst thou begin, who long will wish me end,  
Ere I haue ripe vp halfe thy villainies:  
Which neuer will haue end vntill thou end.  
Oh hadst thou ended ere thou hadst begun,  
So many euils had not chaunc'd in Rome:  
Then had not Vestaes Tapers beene defil'd,  
North Altars turnd to irreligious vses:  
When thou didst make her neuer dying lampes,  
Serue for the Torches to thy burning lust,  
The whilest her Temple made a brothel-house,  
And all her virgins prostitute to thee.  
But these are but thy meanest outrages,  
Wrought in thy villainous minoritie

## The Tragicall life and death

Thy Cleopatreen cates could scarce digest,  
Without a measure daunc'd by naked truls,  
To feed thy glutton-eyes immodest gaze.

Tib. And where was then Sejanus, holy man?

Seia. Herein I doe accuse my selfe of guilt.

Tib. Beshrew thy hatefull head for doing it.

Seia. Bale to thy hatefull heart for causing it.

Tib. Thy plotting head for so iuventing it.

Seia. Thy bloodie mind for so concluding it.

Tib. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Seia. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Yet villaine doe I curse my cursed selfe?

Downe poyfed by the execrations

Of those that thou by me hast murthered?

Tib. Belleeue him firs, may be he speaketh truth.

Seia. It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.

Caius, and Lucius, were murthered,

And Agripina, by Tiberius.

So poysoned Germanicus was slaine.

Sabinus, and Asinius weredispatch'd,

And Iulia for her sonne Tiberius.

And so thou louedst Drusus thine owne sonne,

To sucke his bloud in whose death still I ioy,

To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant.

Poore Prince vniustly doom'd to suddaine death,

Which in his life he onely this deseru'd

By giuing me a whirret on the eare:

But as for treasons ignominious spot

against thy selfe, thy life or Diademe,

His innocent thoughts neuer were tainted with.

Tib. Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & griefe

Seia. Onely for this. (Aside.)

Tib. Onely for this! O furie teach my tougue,

To breath eternall curses on his soule.

Seia. O how I triumph in soule-pleasing ioy,

That herein yet I die not vniuersall'd.

I made





## of Claudiuſ Tiberiuſ Nero.

I made him die for mine owne proper fault,  
For know Tiberius as in all the rest,  
So in thy Sonne Drusus sad Tragedie,  
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,  
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,  
To swim vnto the Throne of Maiestie,  
And from thy hand rend the imperiall crowne.

Tib. Here is the Catalogue of his deserts,  
Tis pittie but he were an Emperour.

Spuſius—*He whispers in his ear,* & Exiſ ſpuſius  
Make haste, I charge thee on thy life.  
Herein I must detract from pollicie,  
And Fortune attribute the cause to thee,  
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.

Seia. Reuenge ! alas thou maist perhaps on me,  
Inflift th' extremitie of punishment,  
And rid thee ſo of one pece of thy feare,  
But yet thou cauſt not ſcape deserued death,  
For from the Phoenix ashes of their Sire,  
The heart reuiued young Germanici,  
Wife Nero, and fierce Drusus arm'd with rage,  
Come like a lightning to consume thy ſtate.

Tiber. Soldiers purſue them ere they paſſe the  
To ioynethemſelues vnto the Legions. (walles  
Seia. Why lunaticke Vſurper of the Crowne,  
They are the lawfull heires vnto the ſtate,  
Thou but adopted by falſe treacherie,  
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne,  
For both but falſe, and both but villanie.

Tibe. Thou dooſt me wrong. Sejanus to vpbraid  
With Ignominious Title of ingrate. (me thus,  
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.

*Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.*  
Who, I Vſurge your Crowne and your estate ?  
I were not fit to liue and if I ſhould,  
Therefore my Majſters, here before you all,

# The Tragical life and death

I doe resigne my crowne imperiall  
Vnto Sejanus, and doe inuest him Cæsar,

*He setteth the burning Crowne upon his head.*

All haile Sejanus, Romes great Emperour.

*Sej.* All haile: Hell, Death, Destruction plague  
Let all the tortures, torments, punishments: (you al  
In earth, in heauen, in hell, reuenge my death,  
Whose burning paine torments me not so much  
as that there comes not from my scalded braines,  
Sufficient smoake to smother all of you. *Hedys.*

*Tibe.* So dye thy Curses with thy cursed selfe,  
Now one goe cast, his bodye in to Tiber,  
The rest goe with me, tis high time to hast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Agripina sola.* (omnes)  
*Agr.* Oh heauens! and if that any power be higher!  
O earth! and if that any lower lye?  
Melt heauens into a shoure of supple balme.  
Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leauies,  
Too foolish Agripina to complaine,  
Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and al in vaine.  
This earthly hart, it is my pleasing earth.

*She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus.*  
This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy :  
This balme, this Cassia, this is sweetest Myrrhe  
When I forget to ioy in this respect,  
Heauē, Earth, Nepenthaes all do me neglect  
O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!  
To whomē, and when, and where shall I complainē?  
I know not, and againe I knowē,  
For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.

*Enter Marco.*

*Macr.* Madam, Tiberius Cæsars maiesie,  
Sent me to tell you of his neare approach.

*Agri.* Wil Nero come? where are his torturs then ?  
His rod, his Hatchets, Rackes, gyues, manacles,  
Whips, Gridirōs, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, beares  
And all his vnquoth new found Messengers,

*Which*





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which bloody Phallaris could nere inuent?  
Can faire Pallantias leaue her Lucifer,  
Or Phœbus shine, and not Aurora rise?  
Tush you are much deceiu'd, Nero will not come.

*Macro.* Lady, my heart doth yearne to here your  
To surge in billowes of luch bitter waues. (griefe,  
And—

*Agr.* And what? good Gentleman, tel out the rest:  
What, will you set a ship vpon my Sea,  
Fraught with a thousand Tunnes of heauie cares,  
And with a sharpe tempestuous Romaine winde,  
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,  
Then glide vppon the yce and so to land,  
And sow e theſe ſeedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,  
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay,  
Then in pursuing of this faintie foyle,  
Stay vntill haruest, and in Autumne ſheare  
This fruitefull Corne, and ſo returne againe.  
But Agripina, theſe fond humors leaue,  
*Macro,* my grieſe my ſences halfe bereave.

*Macr.* True Agripina, Macro much did wonder,  
The variable paſſions of ſad ſorrow,  
That I lament the tragicke historic,  
This dolefull faltering Engine ſhould impart,  
Nero will heſter come vnder pretext,  
To comfort, but to trie your patience..  
He hath an Apple in ſuch ſirrop dipt,  
Which he in kindenes meaneſ to offer you:  
If you accept, accept a preſent death:  
If you denie, heele take exceptions,  
Againſt your faith, and ſubiects loyaltie.  
Dreadfull Dillemma, counſell as you may.  
I doubt that Nero wil miſdoubt my stay. *Exiſ Macr.*  
*Agr.* Darſhe not ſtay? O monſtrous periurie!  
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne?  
By Saturnes ſighe, and Venus golden belt?

Mercuries

## *The Tragical life and death*

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,  
That he would stay with me. O periury!  
Nero make hast: yet stay, ile paire my Nailes,  
Least that I set my tallents on his face,  
And spoile Narcissus comely personage.  
He will give me an Aple, ile give him  
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile give him  
A Chesnut, and heele cracke the riuен shell,  
And twixt his Milstones, grinde the yealding meat  
Germanicus, oh my Drusus! oh my Deare,  
Nero, no! Nero Caesar will visite me,  
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailes.  
Quailes! noe with Apples so he comes:  
I shall be cram'd to day.

-Enter Tiberius with his attendants Spurius & Nerva,  
Macro and Caligula following after.

Tib'er. Faire Daughter Agripina, you doe wrong  
That spotlesse beautie with congealed teares.  
Blotting those Rubies with dissoluued pearles,  
Stayning those Roses with such Christal stremes.  
Is not the world subject to Romaine power?  
And thou the Daughter of the Emperour,  
And so th' imperiall Mistresse of the world?  
Then Agripina but commaund the world,  
and all the world shall seeke to comfort thee.

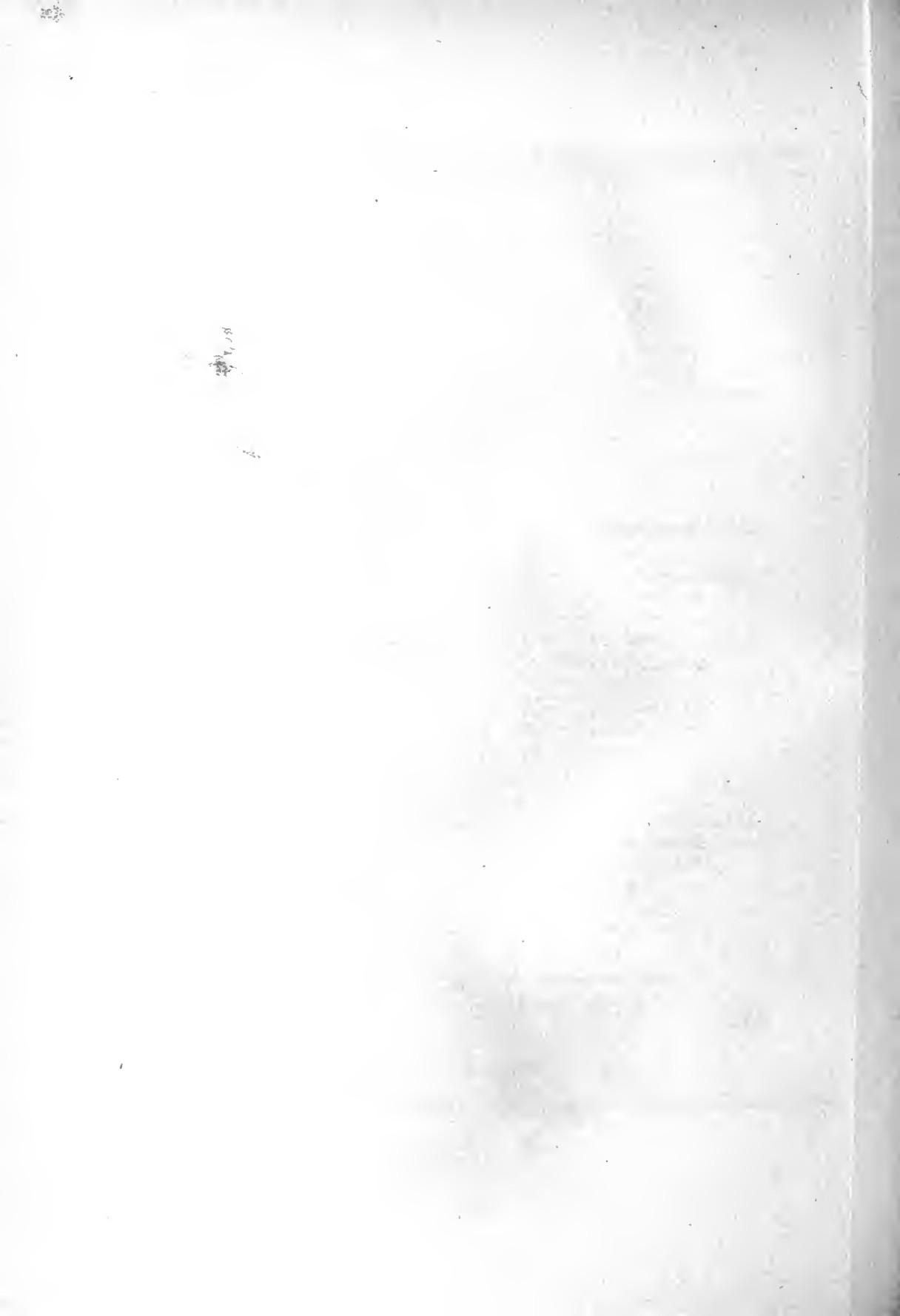
Agr. Nero, not all the world can comfort me,  
Since all the world hath lost my comforter.

Tiber. Hath all the world? what did your Lord as-  
Daughter, you cannot rule vnlesse you raigne. (pire?

Agr. Blush not deare Ensigne of my modestie,  
Shame light on me ifthat I beasham'd,  
Since thou wilt neuer beasham'd of shame,  
My Lord Germanicus did he aspire?  
No Nero no, there lurkes the fistula  
Offawning hatred that did murther him.  
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?

Did





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did he not homage to Tiberius?  
Did he not loue his countrie past compare?  
Courteous and milde, and too obsequious?  
Too well beloued and too credulous?  
and therefore murthered.

*Tiber.* Nay stay a while,  
And breath, and raile, and raile and breath againe,  
and then I hope your Ladyship will stay,  
Meane while, hold, heeres an apple to refresh  
The dryed vapours of your fuming head.  
Eate it and breath, eate it and raile againe,  
Doe so faire Daughter to allay your paine.  
Words ease the stomacke.

*Agric.* So must they mine:  
Or else my hart would breake in vile despite.  
Monster of Monsters, ill is too too good,  
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:  
Nature could never finde a man so bad,  
That might resemble thy foule Villanies.  
Tosde, Crockadile, Aspe, Viper, Basiliske,  
Too holsome, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,  
For Neroes poysone, furie, euuy, wrath.

*Tiber.* Woman, I listen much vnto thy Taunts,  
Yet know that I haue Pandaturia,  
There, babble to the wind, thy foolish moanes,  
There in some desart make thy Elegies,  
Tune them vnto the puling harmony,  
Of the lamenting consort bred in Thrace:  
Rome shall not heare thy yelling execrations,  
Before Enos shall fourte times be washt,  
In Nereus fountaine with Hiperton,  
Vpon thy life see that thou see not Rome,  
But banisht, backe to pandaturia.

*Agri.* First let the head of Nilus be reueal'd,  
Let Tiber flowe in Egypt, Nile in Rome,  
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,

M

All

## *The Tragical life and death*

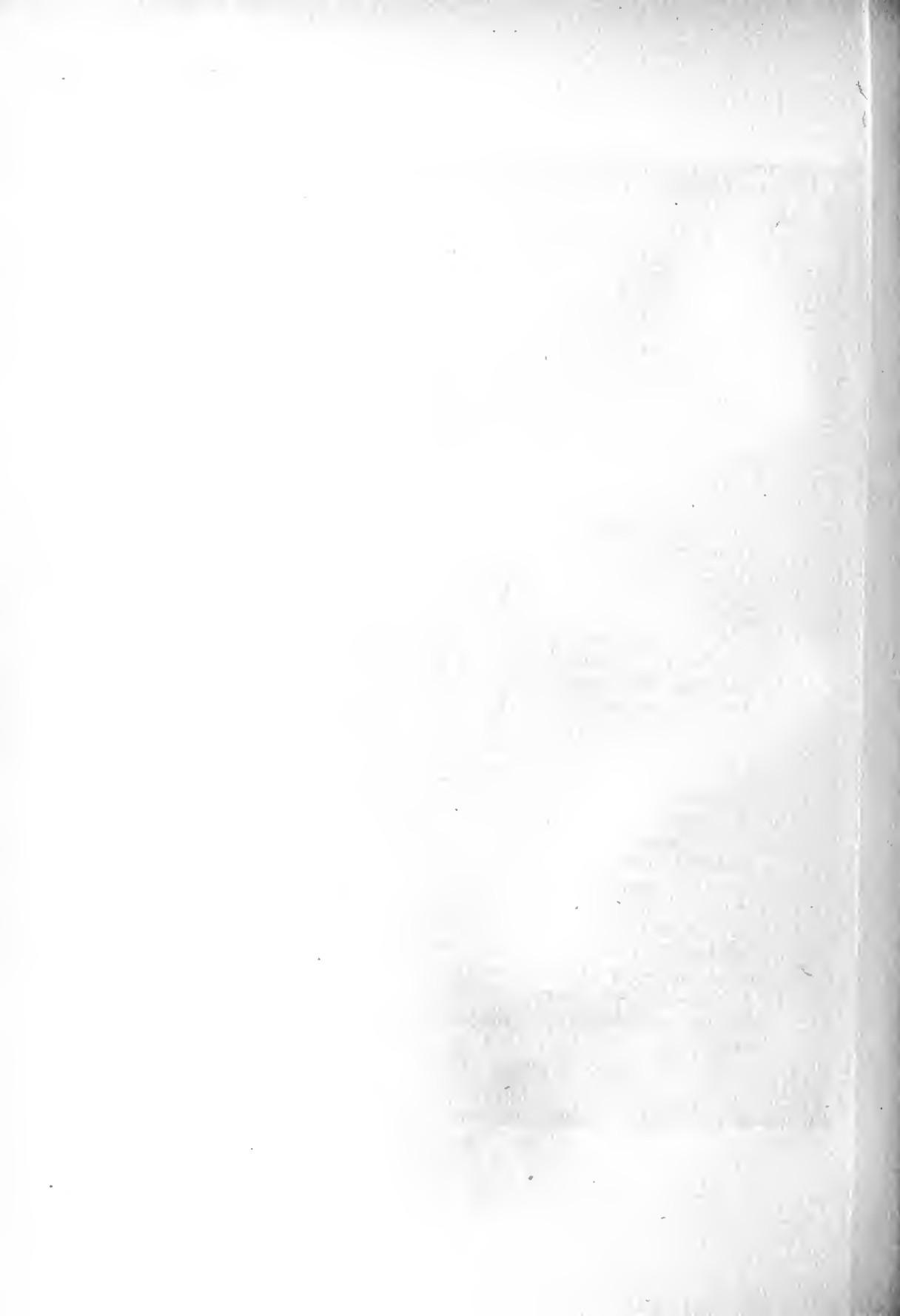
All to confusion, let heaven turne to hell,  
And which is more and most Prodigious,  
Let Nero thinke one thought of honestie,  
If Agripina yeeld to bannishment.  
Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,  
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?  
Did not the Parthian King admonish thee?  
Thou wert a villaine, and thou sworste twas true,  
Doth not each night with dreaines of thy foule sins  
Torment thy soule with gasty Spectacles?  
Cajus, Lucius, Augustus, Iulia,  
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,  
Solicite Pluto for thy deepe reuenge?  
They doe, they doe, and all the furies shake  
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.  
If there be heauen, be sure of Nemesis :  
If there be hell be sure to be tornmented,  
With balefull tortors neueryet inuented. (breath:  
*Tibe.* Not all this while, good Daughter out of  
Wel, speake thy last, that Rome shal liere thee prate  
*Agr.* My last fond Tyrant know that I wil speake  
In spite of Nero, in disdaine of Rome,  
Nero the Butcher, bloody shambles Rome,  
Who sellis the fayrest ware at meanest price.

*Tibe.* I, and because pecuynish wilfull griefe,  
Hath made you somewhat leane, not fit for sale,  
You shall to grasse to Pandaturia:  
Prouide her hay and water store enough.

*Agrip.* No, no, what shall I call this hate of earth?  
Ile call him Nero, that's the worst of all.  
Nero, it shall not neede, I am prouided  
Offairer Cates without thy honest care,  
The corne that makes my bread are yellow cares,  
Ripened by heate of anger, in my breast,  
The barren field of nought but carefull seedes,  
My meate the sodden sorrowes of my heart,

Which





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which boile with soft remembrance of my woes,  
And if I play the Epicure in griefe,  
My teares shall be the sence of my repasts.  
If euer other foode my tongue doe taste:  
I euer other foode my stomacke doe concoct:  
Let all be turn'd from sustentation,  
To fill impostumes with contagious filth.  
I tell thee Nero, Agripine will die,  
And starue herselfe, and scorne thy bannishment.  
Tis two daies since I last did taste of meate,  
Curst be my soule, if euer I doe eate.

*Tibe.* Will you not see, Sirra, go fetch some foode  
I'll make thee curse thy selfe: hold, take, fall too.

*Agri.* Detested tyrant, I do scorne thy foode.

*Tib.* Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,  
Cut her meate small, and feede her daintily.

*Agr.* Out villaine. *H*e feode her, and *s*o *p*uttech *t*is

*Tibe.* Sirra dispatch I say. *C*ontra *a*gains  
Nay, cram her then, & feede her fat withall.

*H*e choake her and *s*o *b*ee *d*ies.

What hast thou strangled her? here take thy hyre.  
Canst thou not feed a Daw no better yett? *S*rabs him.

*Neru.* Ah, Nero, Nero.

*Tib.* What Nerua be content,  
She chose of this rather then banishment:  
And better choake then starue our wilful daughter,  
Shee's gone, and if I live thou shalt goe after. *A*side,

*E*xceute all but *Macro* and *Caligula*.

*Macro.* Barbarous, inhumane, worse then crueltie,  
Which Gods and men, nine eyes, and soule, do hate,  
What Hypbororian Climate in the North?  
What Lidian desart, Indian vastacie?  
What wildernesse in wilde Arabia,  
So hatefull monster ever nourished,  
To hinder willing death by villanies  
*Caligula, Changeling Caligula,*

## The Tragical life and death

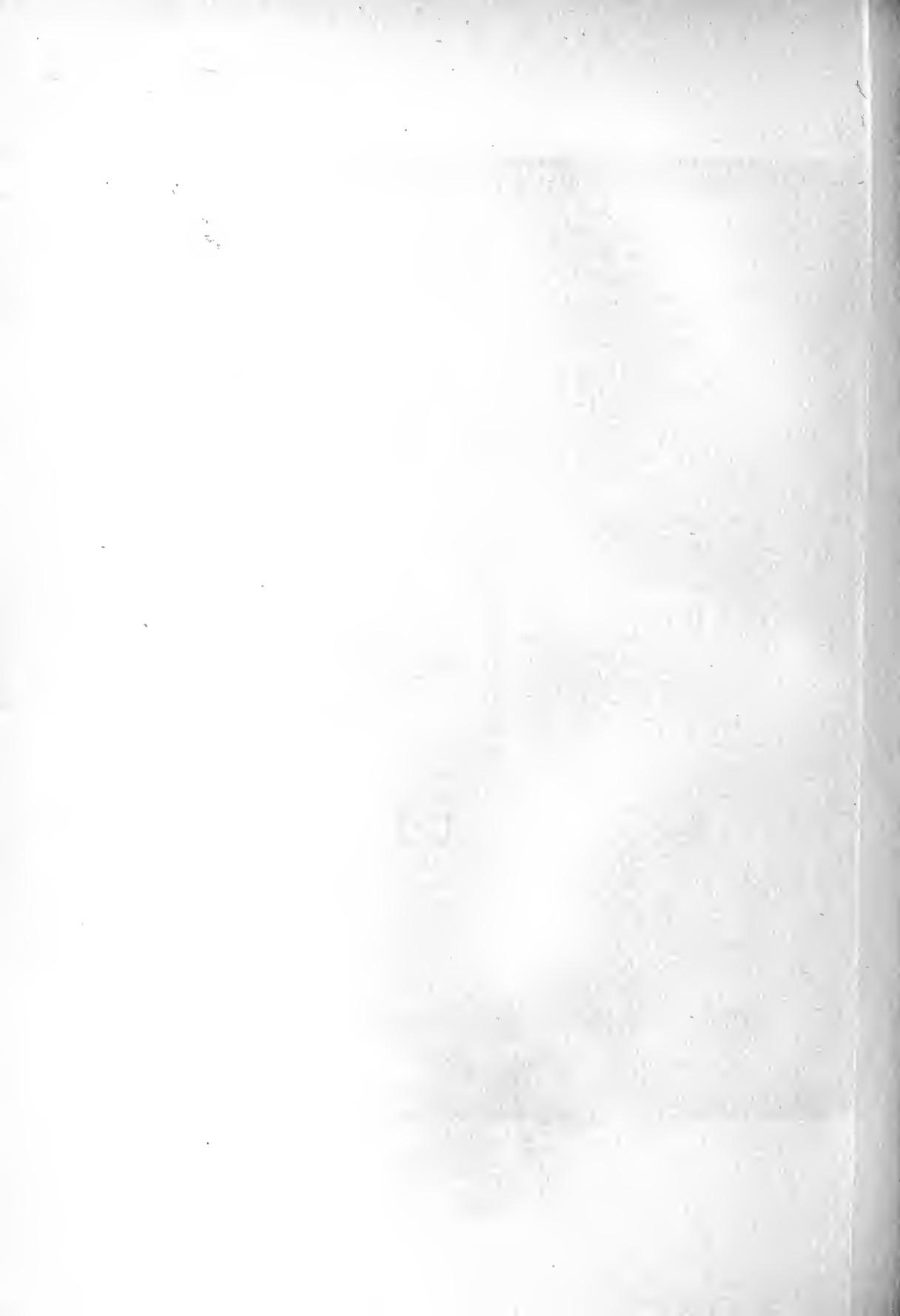
Where is the Spirit of Germanicus?  
Did he beget thee in an idle dreame?  
Or did thy Mother thinke it vanitie  
As Æthiops Queene vpon Andromeda?  
If but one spark by chance remaine aliue,  
If but one drop, one Mathematicke point,  
Make vp a Sea; a bodie by addition,  
Blow vp (Caligula) this flicc pie spark,  
Caligula rememb're what thou art.

*Calig.* Macro, Caligula can beare thy taunts,  
Can be vpbraided at a Cap taines hand,  
My Father told me, and I remember it,  
The highest vertue is true patience.  
I know not what you meane by all these wordes,  
That mount my Fathers prayses to the skie,  
To liue securely, I deeme that the best,  
And a great vertue to be patient.

*Macro.* Patient Caligula, I am a sham'd,  
I am impatient to heare that word,  
That noble Title wrested from his fence,  
Ah t did not Macro serue Germanicus?  
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field?  
Did not a peale of Trumpets sound thy birth?  
And Drums make musick to allay thy paines?  
Wast thou not train'd fore thou couldst speake,  
Didst thou not were a Common Soldiers sute?  
And therefore hadst thy name Caligula?  
Where is thy Captiue soule imprisoned?  
Thy Lyons heart incag'd! no, thou art wise,  
Thou deem'st that Nero hath suborn'd my tongue,  
To make a glozing Theame of flatterie,  
To sift thy secrets, and to sell thy life,  
First let the earth open her cursed wombe,  
and swallow vp this hellish mantion.  
Let euerie step treade on a Scorpion:  
Let euerie object be a Bassaliske:

Lxx





## of Claudio Tiberius Nero.

Let heauen——what can I with Caligula?  
Here is my poynard, here, be sure strike home,  
If thou canst haue but least suspition  
That Macro seekes to vndermine my Lord.

What shall I now become a Sycophant?

*Cal.* Macro, Caligula doth not mistrust,  
Nor hath he reason to misdoubt thy faith,  
But Macro, thus much for Caligula:  
Meete me at Fides Temple, there thou shalt know  
More, then unto my mother I durst shew.

*Macro.* Were it to Thale, I would thether poast,  
To heare the sentence of Caligula,  
Till then my Lord adiew.

*Calig.* Farwel Macro. *Exit Macro.*  
My Father slaine or poysoned in the East,  
Liuia become a soule adulteresse.  
Nero and Drusus fast shut vp in ward,  
and thou deere mother heere lyest butchered.  
Grow to the earth you feeble instruments. *He kneels*  
Till I distill a liquid sacrifice. *downe*  
From my harts formance, & these Christal stremes.  
Ye dryd vp wels, straine out a little more,  
Tis Agripina that you must deplore.  
Proud Spirit, bound thy swelling Timpanic,  
Till I vnfraught this Galley of lament.  
Then cleare thy passage, and burst out in fire,  
and make an Earthquake in this little world.  
What shall I vow? to whome shall I lament?  
Vnto the Marbles they doe weepe for sorrow.  
Vnto the Walles? thy true themselues with griefe.  
Vnto the Beastes? why they would starue themselues  
To feede themselues vpon this fading hew.  
Marbles and Walles, and beastes more ruth then he,  
That was the Author of this Tragedie.

*He takes her in his armes and goes in.*  
Encas burthen never was so deare,

## The Tragical life and death

As this celestiall burthen which I beare.      Exit.

Nero and Drusus chained in prison.

Dru. Brother I faint, and now my starued soule,  
Seekes for to feed vpon Ambrosia.      (chain'd

Nero. Dear Drusius, wold mine armes were but vn-  
That thou mightst stanch thy hunger on my flesh:  
My coider humors feed my gnawing heat,  
That I can better yet endure the fast.

See brother I thinke thou maist reach mine arme,  
I pray thee feed vpon this leane repast.

Dru. No brother if it would prolong my life,  
Till the great yeaere when al things must be chang'd  
To the Idea of the formers will.

But if thy hungry woole doe vexe thy soule,  
Feed on these cates, taste on this brawnie arme,  
That will rejoyce to feede thy appetite.

Nero. Nay brother feed on mine } They eat each  
Dru. Nay brother mine.      } others armes.

Enter Caligula againe.

Cal. Boast not Antigone of thy deare loue.  
To Polinices thy affected brother,  
Whom thou in sight of Creon didst entombe,  
I haue entomb'd a farre more precious Lewell,  
In dispite of Nero farre more cruell.

Dru. Ah,Nero,Nero,that dost vs enforce,  
To be such louing Romane Canibals,

Cal. Who callis on Nero, wast my mothers ghost?

Nero. Ah cruell Caesar,brother forgiue,forgiue,  
My food digesteth not,nor can I liue.

Cal. Or am I blind,or doe mine eyes behold,  
My starued brothers?tis so Caligula.

Nero. Brother farewell my glasse of life is run.

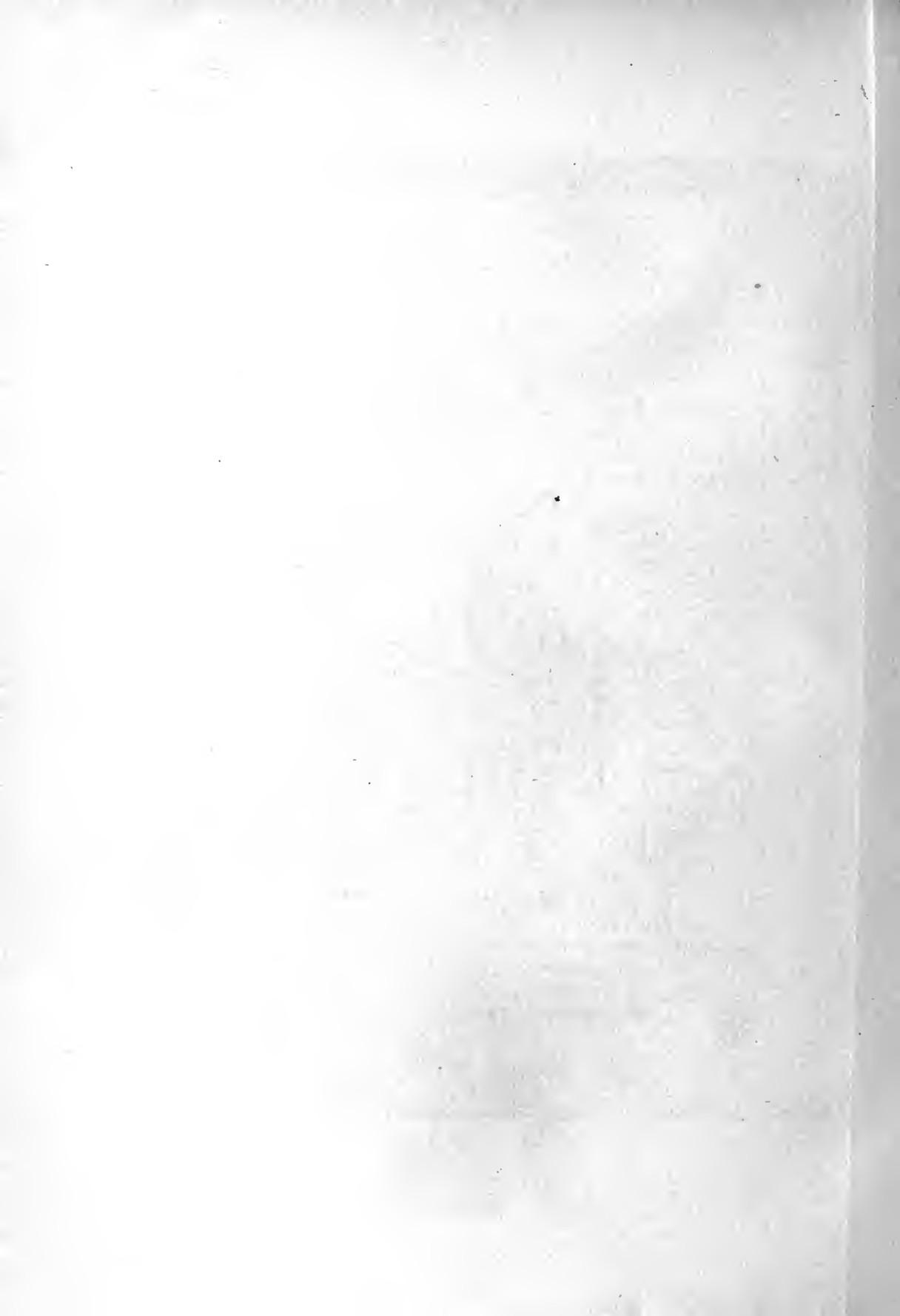
Dru. And Ile go with thee to Elizium. They both die

Cal. Is there a prouident intelligence?  
That rules the world by his eternall being?

Is there a loue; and will he not be just?

Or





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Or is he iust? and will he not reuenge?  
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?  
Canst thou not moue the heauens? then raise vp hell!

*Exit Caligula.*

*Enter Tiberius with his guard.*

Tib. Cocceius Nerua staru'd himselfe to death,  
I wonder much what made the old man die,  
In truth I lou'd him for his naked truthe,  
In truth he was an honest simple man.  
Well vertue go with him, vice stay with me,  
Till I haue massacred my prisoners,  
And rooted out all this conspiracie:  
Then will I seeme a new reformed man;  
And rise betimes each morning to the Tempie,  
So afterwards I may contrive some drifts.  
I haue a Catalogue which I must finde,  
And search the prisons whether I haue all.

*Julius Celsus crieth out of prison.*

Cel. Ah, Nero, Nero, Celsus begs thine ayde,  
Tib. Julius Celsus what is thy petition?  
Cel. An humblesutor for your clemencie.  
Tib. My clemencie Celsus, Marie and you shall,  
I, and great reason for Seianus sake.  
Cel. Not in his name I beg compassion,  
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,  
ah gracius Nero let my Guiues be loos'd.

Tib. And Celsus led to execution.

Cel. Ah, no Tiberius, I desire not death,  
But better ease in my imprisonment,  
For this I beg.

Tib. For whose sake Julius?  
Cel. For mercies sake, and thy deare Genens.  
Tib. For that word I auier loose his Iron bands,  
Or by my Genens thou shalt loose thy head,  
Cel. O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.

Tib. Tis but for awhile, know that Julius.

*Cel. Now*

## *The Tragical life and death*

*Celius.* Now monster, Tyger, earthes infection,  
Plague of the world, scourge of our happie Rome,  
Treasons first borne, helts out-spewed vomit,  
Prodigious homicide, and murtherers lawe,  
That makes a sporting lawe to murther men.

*Tibie.* Holla and breathe, and then beginne again,  
Nero shall recompence thee for thy paine.

*Celsus.* Such Recompence had good Germanicus,  
Such Agripina, such had Julia:  
Such Nero, Drusus, and their dearest Mother,  
Poore Agripina, wife Asinius:  
Sabinus, Nerua, and thy other selfe,  
Young Drusus, whose deare blood was once thine  
Yet of thine owne hadst no compassion. (owne  
And lastly, (though not vndeseruing it)  
Yet heerein well deseruing at thy hands,  
In that he was thy mischieves instrument :  
Haplesse Sejanus too improuident,  
Of his intended fall, thy false intent.  
And such a recompence remaines for me,  
The meanest subiect of thy Tyrannie.

*Tibie.* Marie amen, sweare it, an Oracle:

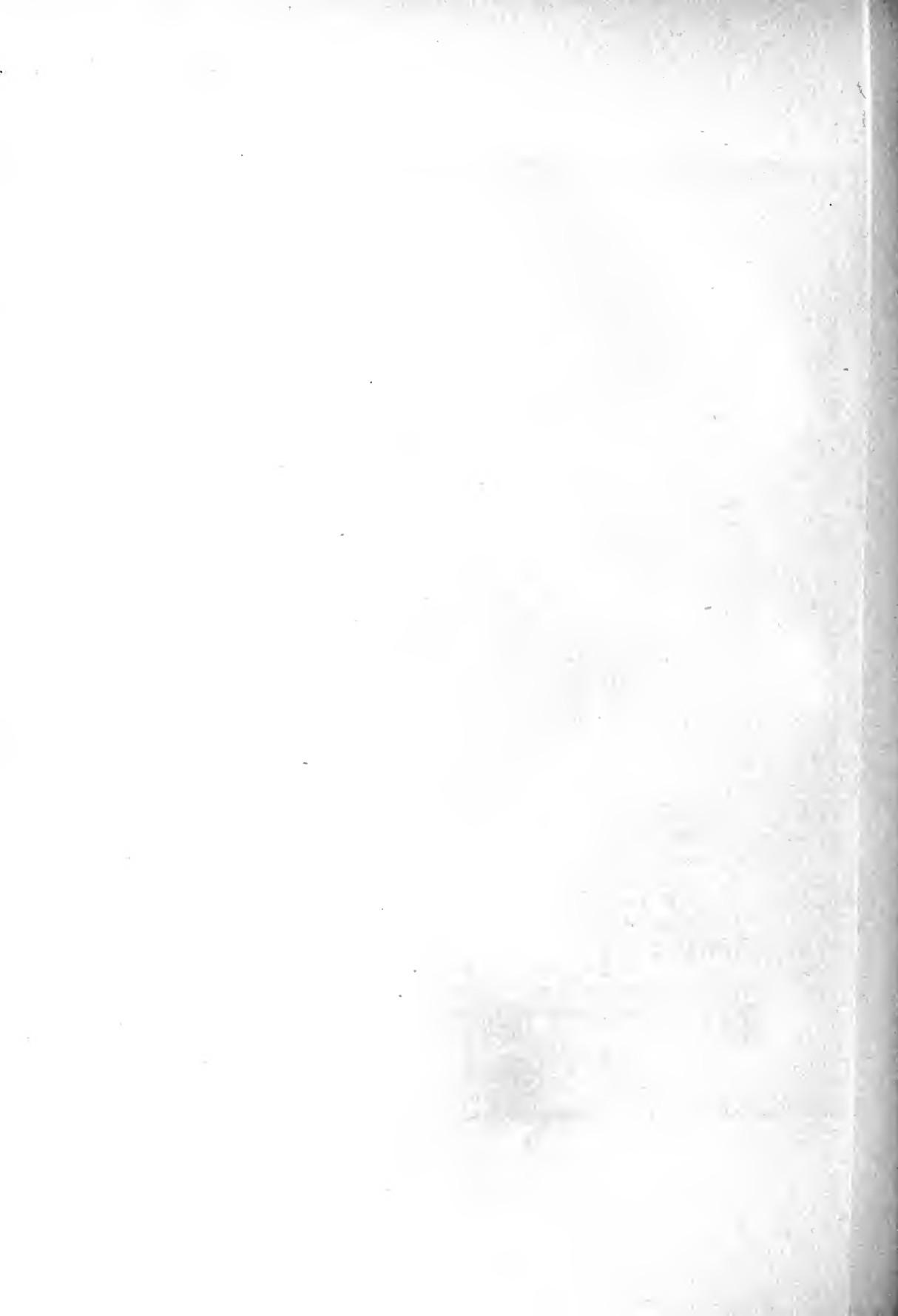
*Celsus.* But tyrant, Celsus doth contemne thy furie  
My minde was never feuer-shooke with feare  
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,  
I haue alreadie arm'd my age to die,  
Whose age deemes death the end of miserie.  
See therefore Tyger, liceres thy mercies fruite,  
The easie I sought, the end of earnest suite.  
For this I beg'd, for this I seem'd vnwilling,  
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing.

*He puts the Chaine about his necke and strangles himself.*

*Tibie.* Wondrous well gain'd, here is good vsury,  
Where tis the gainers interest to die:  
But Oh for Charite! Layler, Soldiers run,  
Rescue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Yet let him goe.

Iulier. What is your highnesse will?

Tib. Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,  
For Charitie close vp his dying eyes.  
Why this it is to haue a pollicie,  
Here's a poore plot to preuent cruento.  
And ten to one the villaine vnderstands,  
How this will vexe me that he scapes my hands.  
But let that passe leauue him to Acheron,  
His part is past,part of my part's to come.

*Excut omnes.*

*Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple.*

Cal. Thus haue we interchang'd our mutuall othes  
In presence of the Goddess of all truth:  
Macro remember how thou art inioyn'd,  
By words, by signes, by letters and by thoughts,  
For to adore eternal secrecie.

Macro. And if my Lord misdoubt my secrecie,  
Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,  
Vnjoynt my bodie, and pull out my heart,  
That I may neither tell, nor make a signe,  
Nor thinke one thought against your roialtie.

Cal. Pardon me Macro, if I somewhat feare,  
That hauing all this while securely slept,  
Vnder the Canopic of vanitie,  
And neuer did impart my secrecie,  
To father, mother, or my brethren:  
Nerua, Sabinus, or Asinus:  
Nero, Scianus, all I haue deceipted;  
Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.  
But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,  
The supreame relique of Germanicus.  
by Agripinae loathed execution,  
By my deare brothers starued carcasses,  
By thee, by me, by all the gods, by all:  
And if that any number be, more then all.

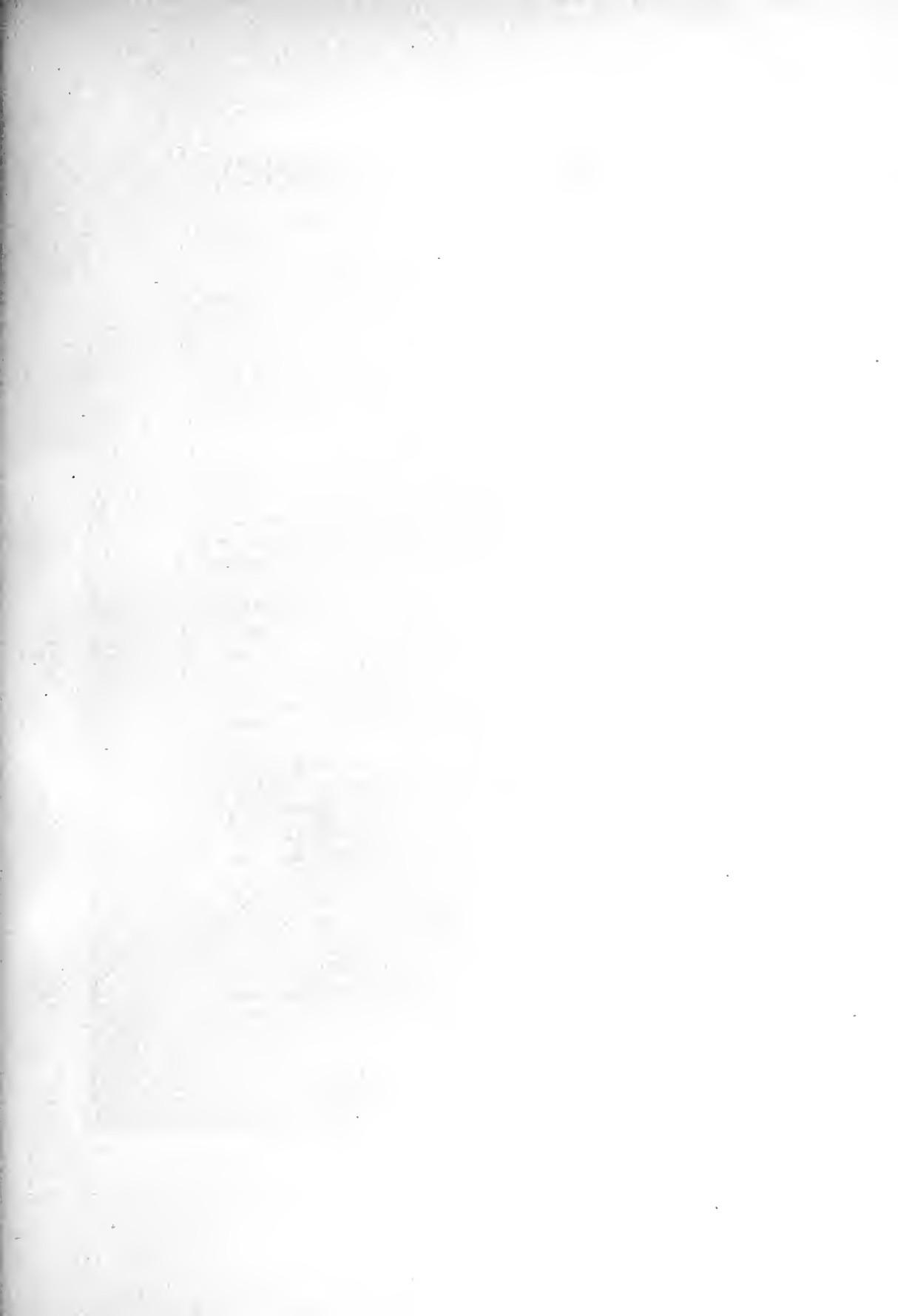
N

Ioyn

*The Tragicall Turned death*

Ioyne to exile this proud Tarquinus,  
Insulting Nero: no not so, not so:  
Yes so it must be, or else murthered,  
For nought but death can satisfie my wrongs.  
*Macro.* Like as a Grayhound in his hot pursue,  
Strives to out strip the fearfull flying Doe,  
Or as Dianaes gift to Cephalus,  
Year'd to ouer-run the beast of Archadie,  
Both striving, yet both swifter then the blasts,  
Disdaine Boreas in his swelling pride,  
Shot for the sister of faire Dianire,  
So doth the honour of your houering thoughts,  
Grudge to be equall'd by my fluttering flight,  
Yet good my Lord giue Macro leave to mount,  
And ceaze vpon the accosting stooping pray.  
*Cal.* Not so, I (Macro)is that haue the wrong.  
*Macro.* But I my Lord, —  
*Cal.* Do not intreat,  
Doe not prolong with idle breathing words,  
The date of cold revenge: for euen this night,  
Nero shall be inroll'd in Plutoes Court,  
In Germanie farre on the Northren side,  
Within the circuit of a desart wood,  
A wilderness of deadly Basilisks,  
Within this circuit is an hellish poole,  
Cold in the tenth degree: Nor Stix so cold,  
Wherein the fearefull Thetis drenche her sonne,  
In a Mules hoofe this water haue I kept,  
As fatal drinke to Philipis worthie sonne,  
And euen this night this water shall revenge  
The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,  
Macro flic vnto the Legions, win their hearts,  
Perswade with all thy warlike eloquence,  
Aduaunce our Eagles, and to morrow morne  
Approach with them vnto the Capitol,  
Faile not good Macro, but make hast away.

This





# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This night for Nero or Caligula.

*Enter Liuia Sola.*

*Liuia.* Can Liuia still participate this ayre?  
Still temporize with fawning miserie?  
Still feed on cares, yet still vaine hopes repaire?  
Will nothing end my cruell destinie?  
What lumpish Saturne did inspire my breath,  
Did make me die in life, yet liue in death?

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart  
Euaporate the spirits of thy soule,  
Weepc out thy braine the substance of thy smart,  
That knew thy shame, yet would not sin controule,  
Anotamize this Sepulchre of shame,  
Soule, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

Is Drusus dead? and yet can Liuia liue?  
Sejanus at Elizium, and I stay?  
My father murthered? who me life can giue?  
My brothers staru'd? Liuia not made away?  
Old Heccuba by death could ease her griefe,  
And cannot Liuia find out like relief?

Can I that flourished like fairest Rose,  
Droope like the Lillie beaten downe with raine?  
Can I to whom each courtiers tongue would glose,  
Endure their scornes, their taunts and vile disdaine?  
Could Liuia liue, when Liuia was contented?  
And cannot Liuia die now shees tormented?

*She kneeleth downe by the Welles side.*

Great Faunus to whose sacred Deitie,  
This sanctified groue is consecrate:  
Accept the incense of my last pietie,

# The Tragical life and death

The best devotion I can dedicate:  
Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer:  
Many more great, none more sincere can offer.

Not Dido to Sicheus sacrifice,  
Nor Cleopatra vnto Anthonie:  
Nor great Olympias could this truce dispise,  
Nor Sophonisbaes loyall miserie:  
Zenobia, Palmicaes noble Queene,  
This fatall end of Liuia might be seeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamie,  
Cold streames, congeale the rumour of my death:  
Thou onely Philomela sing my Tragedie,  
Carroll a Dirge for my exhaled breath:  
Faire streames I come, let no man heare my cries,  
Let no man shed one teare that Liuia dies.

*Hero scapes in.*

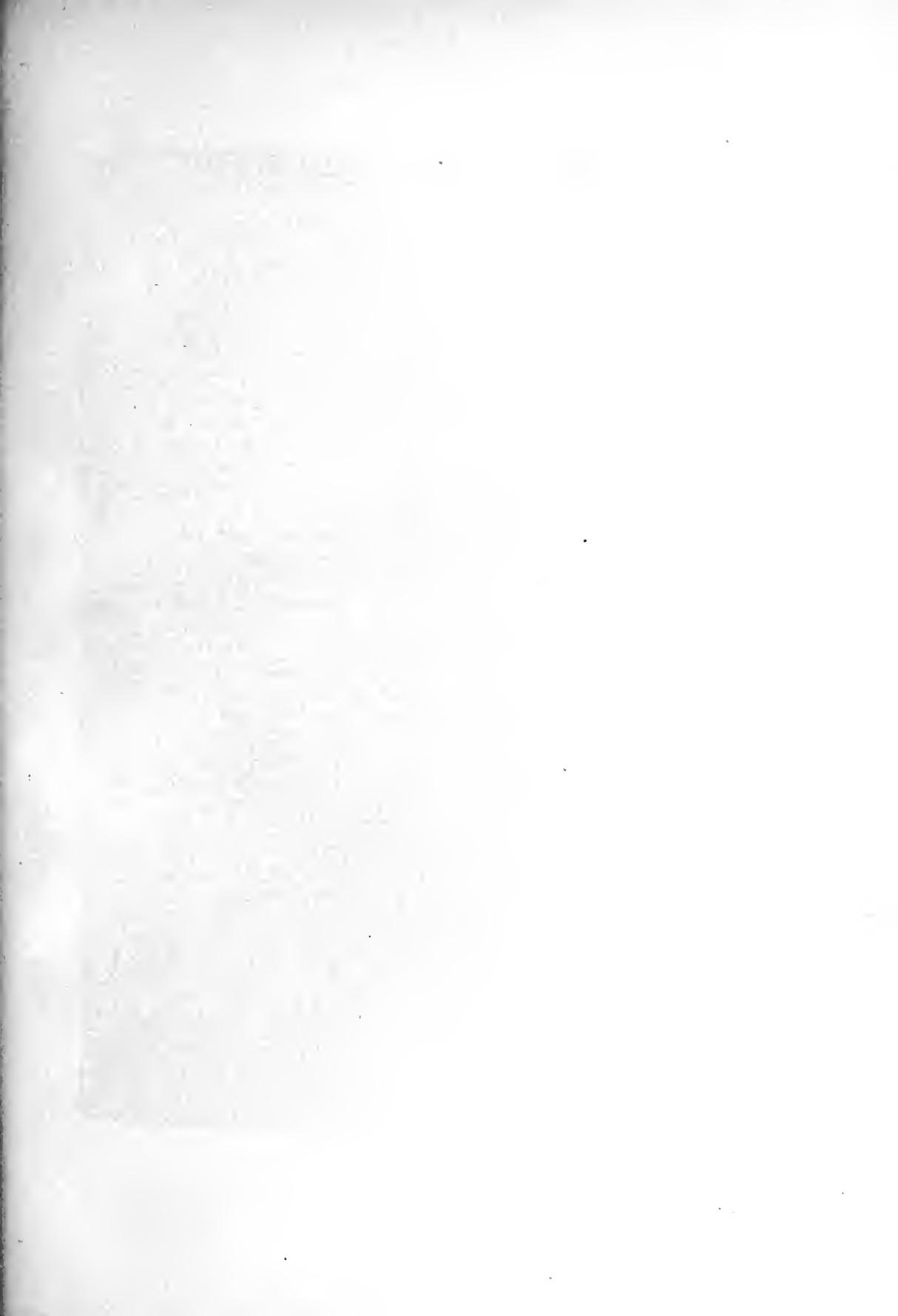
*Enter Caligula soliter.*

*Cal.* By this, the cruel Tarquine should be sped,  
Banish't from Roine and Romaine Emporie,  
But much I feare, preseruatiues doe stay  
The furie of his waterie receipt,  
And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole,  
Was I for to impart my secrete?  
O what a villaine was Caligula!  
Horror confounds me in this Agonie:  
But Ile Catastrophize this Tragedie.  
Did not the villaine sweare, and vow, and weepe,  
Offer his breast, that I might make a window  
To see the cankers of his festred soule,  
And thou wouldest not take him at his word?

*Enter Macro.*

*Macro.* My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,  
For to salute your grace the Emperour,

*Cal.* Thanks





## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Cali. Thankes Macro, roiall friend commaund  
them stay,

Till I returne from Nero back againe. Exit Macro.

Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth  
sick, and pulleth aside the Arras.

Caligula. All happinesse vnto your Majestie.

Tibe. Curst be all happinesse, for I haue none.

I haue a fire, a fire within my bowells,  
That burnes, and scalds, and mads me with the pain;  
If I must die, yet would I had my wish,  
Oh that euen all the people in the world,  
Had but one necke that at one deadly blowe,  
I might vnpople all the world and die.

Giue me my hanes that I may rent my flesh,  
And teare this raging from out my burning intralls  
Where is Esculapius? who goes for him?  
He halte the leach from hell to cure my paine,  
And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,  
He burne euen all the Temples of the Gods,  
That cannot help the Romaine Emperour.

Calig. Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour,  
and be reueng'd on thee Tiberius.

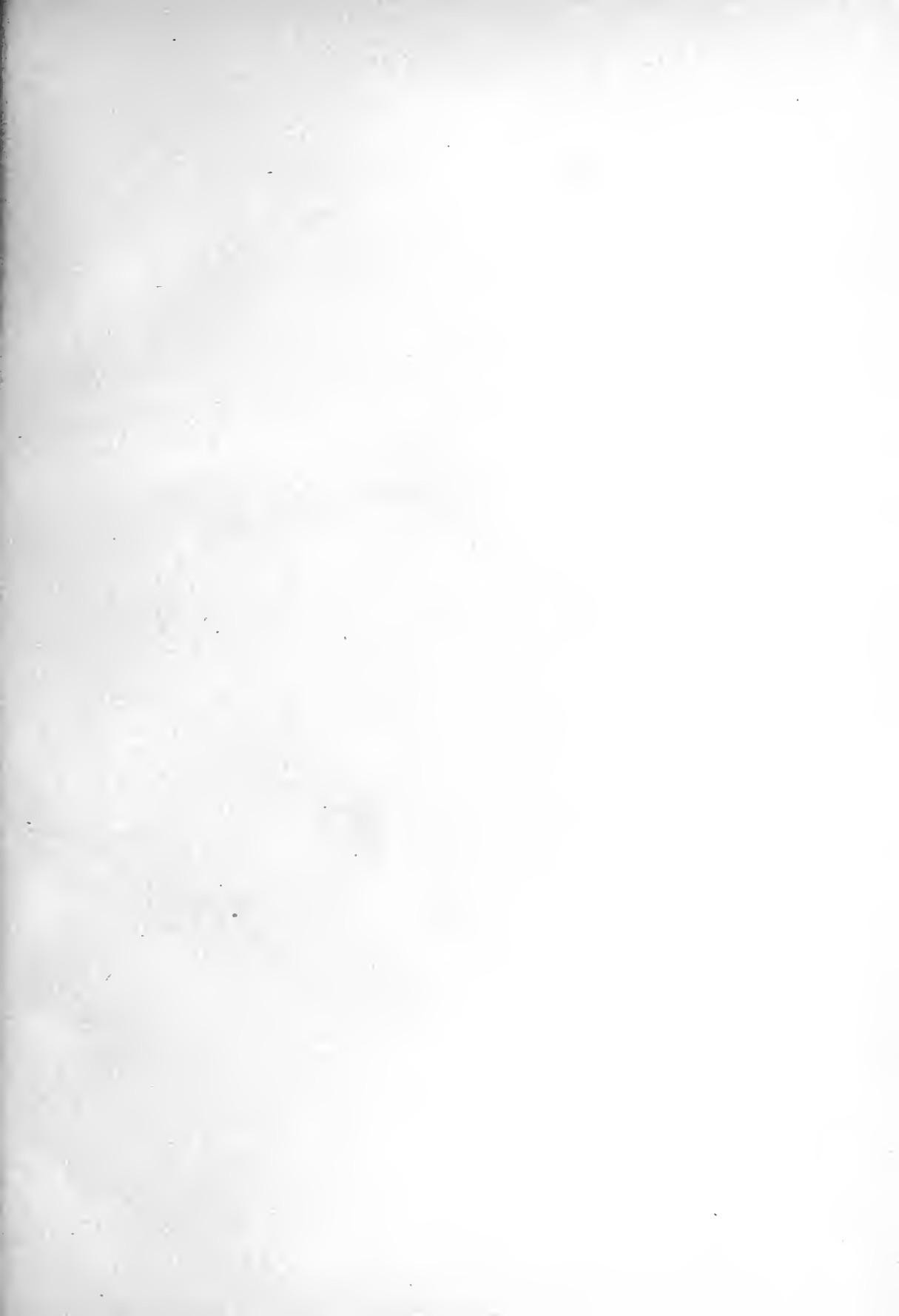
Thou monstir Tyrant, thus wil help thee thus:

He stopps his breath with the stocke, and stabs him.  
This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,  
This for Nero, this for Drusus, this for Caligula.  
So,—Re enters upon the Stage.  
There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,  
He reign'd noe day, but some were murthered,  
Asking his Maister Zeno a Greeke word,  
What Dialect? he answered Dorice,  
And therefore kild him, for because he thought he  
He mockt him for his Rhodtan bannishment.  
He loathd wine now, because he swilled goare:  
More greedily then he did wret choare.  
He slue a Poet for this little cause,

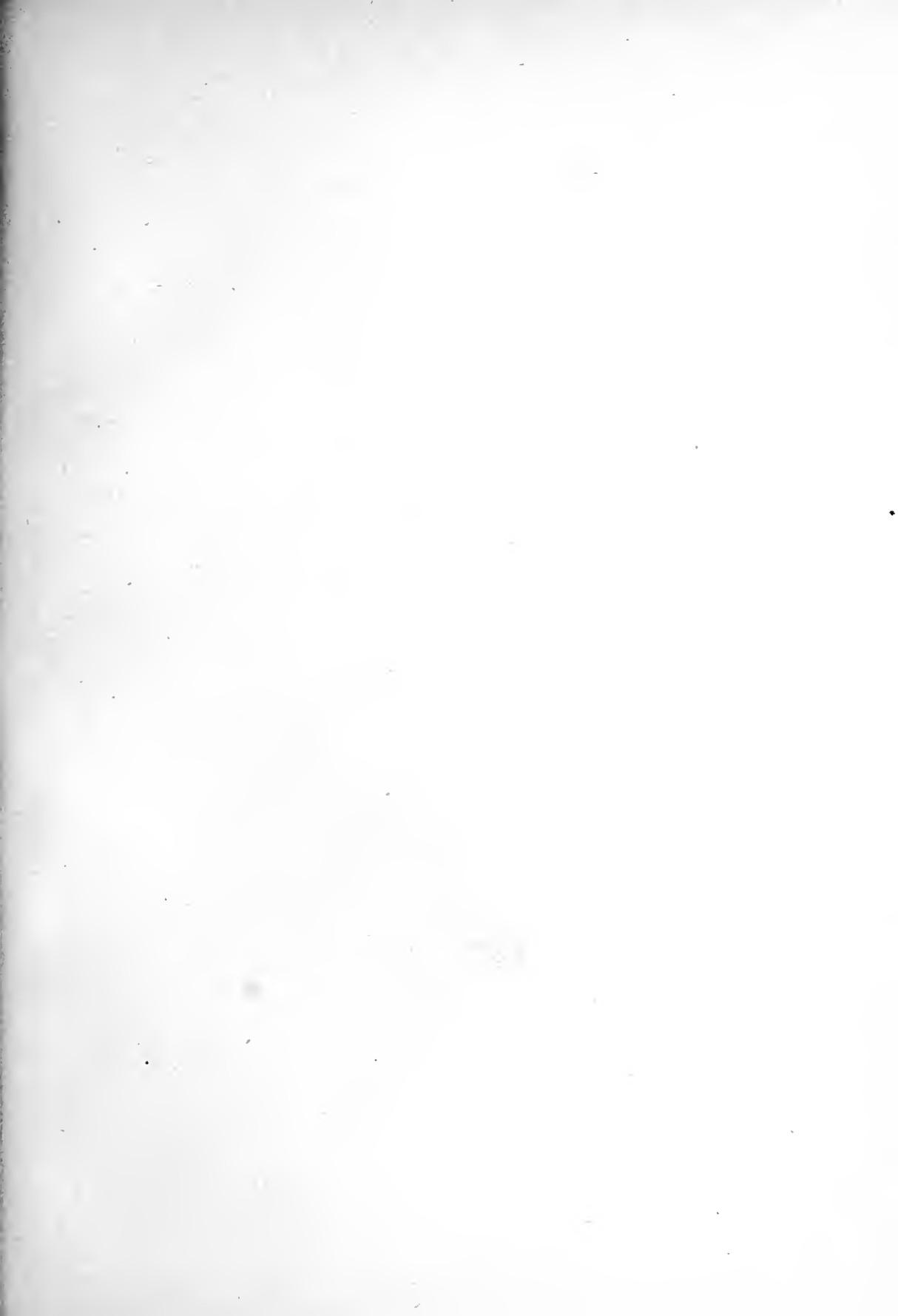
## *The Tragical life and death*

Because that in a dolefull Tragedie,  
Hee rail'd on Agamemnons craultie.  
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,  
No vestall Virgin should be strangled,  
He for to inuent a craultie,  
Made first the hang-man to deflowre the Maides.  
And then commannded for to strangle them.  
When one had almost kild himselfe for feare,  
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.  
The tyrant would deny no Witnesse,  
If any did accuse twas present death.  
When first the Tyrant did possesse the Crowne:  
He sent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,  
Who cherisht Nero in his banishment.  
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,  
But in an angrie, sullen, discontent:  
Who in a rage made him be tortured:  
And whē the villain saw he had wrong'd his friend  
He murthered him, that it might be conceald.  
He crucified one Peter cald a Saint,  
Of holy Iewes, that did adore one Christ,  
Which they entitle Sauiour of the world.  
He kil'd one Pryam(therein happy most,  
In that he lained and all his Cuildren lost.)  
These and so many more as should I tell,  
I should imploy a world to number them,  
And still be further with Simonides,  
To signifie the certaine multitude.  
By these his acts ile iustifie his death,  
That I may get Romes royll Empiry,  
And to eternall glorie of renowne,  
I was afoole, but all to get the Crowne.

*FfN1S.*





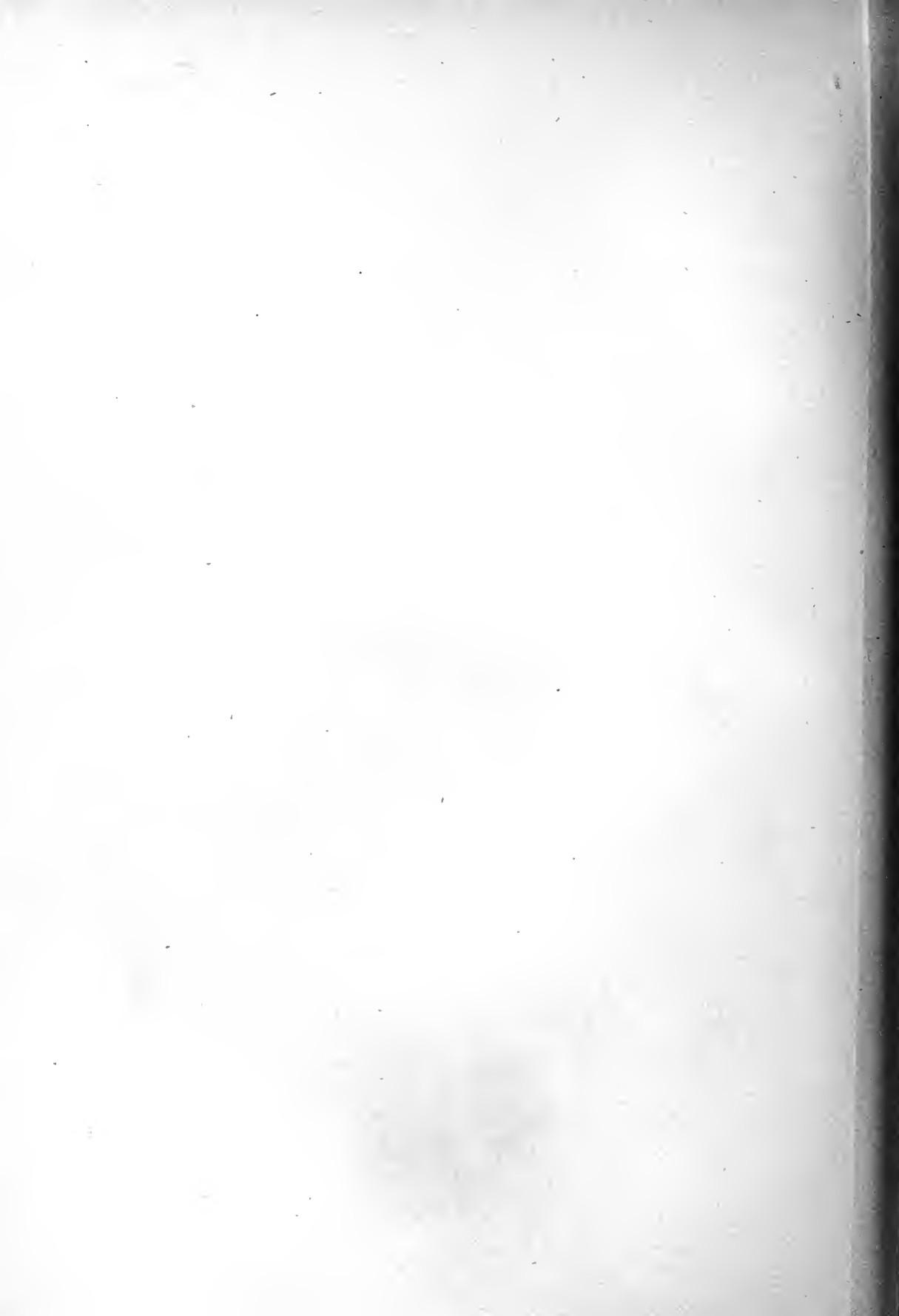






























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